

The New REPUBLIC

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Contents

The Week	27
Editorials	
The Great Liberal Victory!	30
A French Question and an American Answer ..	31
Helping Out the Government	33
General Articles	
Mediocrity and Individuality	John Dewey 35
Partnership in Poverty	Pierre Hamp 37
Tiger, Tiger	Robert Littell 40
The New Patricians	Louis Untermeyer 41
The Mountain Cat (Verse)	Vachel Lindsay 42
Hamlet	Stark Young 45
Reviews of Books	
The Best of America	Robert Herrick 47
A Study in the Contact of Civilizations	W. H. Buckler 48
Toward an Economics of Cooperation ..	E. C. L. 48
A Defence of the Virgin Queen ..	A. W. Vernon 49
A Page of Fiction	50
Books of the Month	52

The Week

ONLY one thing can be said with assurance about the President's nomination of Mr. Pierce Butler as an Associate Justice: Quite enough is known, or at least, has been made known, to forbid hasty confirmation. His paper record tells little. That he styles himself a "Democrat" means nothing. That label—no less than "Republican"—is a veritable Joseph's coat. Mr. Justice McReynolds is a "Democrat"—and also the most hard-boiled member of the Supreme Court. That Mr. Butler was counsel for the government in a packers' prosecution is, in itself, as irrelevant ground for confirmation as the fact that latterly he has heavily represented railroads is a basis for rejection. Mr. Justice McReynolds earned a place in Wilson's Cabinet as a "trustbuster," while ex-Justice Clark was not blinded by his railroad connections. It is essential to go beneath these surface layers to the core of Mr. Butler's outlook on the kind of issues that come before the Supreme Court. The vital significance of that Court is as the interpreter of the Constitution—the arbiter of national and states' power. But "constitutional

law" is not a quantity of determinate knowledge. It rests, fundamentally, upon the attitude of mind of the Justices. Lincoln saw this clearly when he came to select a Chief Justice; and it behooves the Senate to search the qualifications of Mr. Butler for shaping the destinies of this country as thoroughly and as publicly as it examines any other executive proposal. The complexion of the personnel of the Supreme Court may affect the future of this country much more deeply than a ship subsidy or a bonus or a tariff.

ONE of the elementary qualifications of a Justice of the Supreme Court is a judicial temper. No one would have thought of Judge Landis for such a position, even if he had been a monument of legal learning, because of his failure in this essential attribute. Does the record of Pierce Butler give any reason to suppose that he possesses it? For many years Mr. Butler has been the most prominent member of the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota. He more than any other man is responsible for the reactionary tactics of that body. But the matter now of moment is that in his dealing with members of the staff of the University who were brought before the Board for trial and sentence he exhibited the judicial attitude of Judge Jeffries. The case of Professor Schaper, for many years head of the Department of Political Science, is one in point. He was called to appear before the Board without notice, charged with disloyalty, put through a verbal third degree largely conducted by Butler, denied written charges and opportunity for reply, and summarily dismissed on the same day. The teachers and alumni of the University of Minnesota should be heard on Pierce Butler's record and personality.

WHAT is President Harding going to do about it? Is he going to stick to the old ship until she sinks, or transfer himself with what baggage he can carry to a more seaworthy bottom? At present it appears that he prefers the former course. His

effort to put the subsidy through and his nomination of Butler for the Supreme Court are the acts of a gallant gentleman making his will. They are calculated to widen the breach between the progressives and the conservatives in the party and, moreover, are bound to increase the progressive strength. But too much may be inferred from these two instances of die-hard policy. President Harding is distinguished among men for the tardiness of his reactions. He is the kind of man who does not turn until he is well past the turning of the road. It is still possible that he may come to see that his only chance of holding the party together is to transship. The sacrifice he would have to make would be appalling. Fall would have to be abandoned with the derelict; so also Daugherty, Weeks, Davis and Mellon. The President would have to accept the election results as binding upon his present policy, postponing every measure that has any political bearing to a special session of the new Congress convened after March 4th. It is not impossible that he may do this. But we can conceive of few things more improbable.

SENATOR LADD has done valuable work for the progressive cause, and may be expected to do still more valuable work, if only he can restrain himself from running off after the false gods of fiat money. He attacks the various plans now being put forward for the improvement of rural credit conditions on the ground that they are more pleasing to the bankers than to the farmers. What the farmers need, he says, is not credit, which will plunge them deeper into debt, but real money. If he means by that better prices for their products, we have no quarrel with him. We have one if he means non-interest bearing paper based on imperishable farm products and circulating as money. Such paper would no doubt hoist the prices of farm products, but it would hoist other prices still higher. The farmers may enjoy a semblance of prosperity in a period of inflation, as they did in 1920. But the persons who win real prosperity in such a period are not the farmers, who have to devote their time to their fields and live stock, but the speculators who have nothing else to do than to apply their wits to extracting the maximum advantage from price changes.

SENATOR-ELECT HOWELL is another progressive leader who owes it to the cause to reconsider certain of his hasty prescriptions for economic ills. He wants the government to take over, not all the railways, but a single system, to regulate the rest through its competition. But our railway problem is not today one of monopoly

charges and excessive earnings. The real problem is waste—waste due primarily to past competition. The biggest factor in waste is the excessive duplication of terminal facilities. Accordingly the government ought to take over all the roads in some great region if it is going to proceed experimentally with nationalization. In that way it could institute terminal reforms that would make lower rates practicable. No important economies could be effected through the operation of one competing road among many. Of course, the government might cut rates on such a road, making up its deficits out of general revenues, and thus drive other roads into bankruptcy. That, however, would be confiscation in fact, if not in law. We suspect that before it had gone very far the Supreme Court would proclaim the true character of this device.

EUROPEAN diplomats make very wry faces over the American communication denouncing secret treaties and arrangements "such for example as the tri-partite agreement of 1920," as conflicting with the principle of the open door. America, our diplomatic critics declare, is fertile in advice but barren in performance. We have views as to what should be done in the Near East, but refuse to assume any responsibilities. The criticism is not very well taken, in this instance. The United States assumed a great deal of responsibility for the open door policy when it enabled the Allies to win the war. It was no part of the American program to substitute Allied imperialism for German. But that is exactly what the Allies proceeded to do. They undertook to carve up Turkey with not the slightest concern for the interests of civilization, but each with a jealous eye to its own material interests. That policy wrought endless mischief. It divided the Allies and gave the Turk license to do as he pleased. It has always worked that way and always will. America is irrevocably opposed to such a policy, which endangers her security as well as that of the rest of the world.

M. CLEMENCEAU'S attempt to bring about political and military cooperation between France and the United States will not be assisted by two recent revelations of the tendency of French official opinion. One is the attitude of hostility which the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber of Deputies has assumed with respect to the naval treaty of the Washington Conference. The treaty may be ratified in spite of this hostility, but it will certainly make Americans as well as Englishmen uncomfortable to learn that the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the Chamber of Deputies object to the proscription of the submarine as a commerce destroyer. That is a question about which, if we

remember right, the United States once went to war. Equally disturbing is the advice which M. Dariac, a commissioner whom M. Poincaré recently sent into the Rhineland, submitted to his chief as the result of his investigation. He advises the permanent occupation of the Ruhr Basin in order to insure the complete future domination in the interest of France of the German metallurgical industry. The report was published in the *New York World* of November 27th. In the same issue there appeared an article by M. Clemenceau in which he condemned the base economic materialism of such critics of France as John Maynard Keynes. What can you do with such people?

Present prohibition enforcement methods are debauching and debasing the entire country, President Harding and his Cabinet agreed today. *New York Tribune*.

The President and his Cabinet were deeply concerned over a belief that the moral fibre of the American people was deteriorating through the open disrespect shown for the effort to enforce prohibition. *New York Times*.

THE President need not have looked beyond his own Cabinet table for reason to justify his anxiety. He might have asked Andrew J. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, why he ignored a communication from the New York Grand Jury, and permitted Ralph C. Day, Prohibition Director of New York, to resign, instead of indicting him. He might have asked the same official if he proposed to call to account Roy A. Haynes, Prohibition Enforcement Inspector, for issuing a statement in regard to the New York office which convicts him of falsehood or incompetence. He might have asked Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty in regard to officials of his department whose theft of seized liquor was called to his attention by the Washington Grand Jury. The *New Republic* has stated its conviction that the Volstead Act cannot be given such measure of enforcement as to justify it, without a wholly impracticable diversion of the powers of the federal government. But it believes that the evil of corruption of the government through connivance with law-breaking can be abated, and that the efforts of good citizens should be directed to this end. The place to begin is at the top. Once more we direct the attention of the sponsors for the Volstead Act to their unprofitable servants, Mellon and Daugherty.

WE are glad to give credit to Mr. Daugherty whenever it is due. We congratulate him upon the Bill of Complaint filed by the United States of America against the Chemical Foundation in the District Court of Delaware. It establishes a record of malfeasance in office of Francis P. Garvan, former Alien Property Custodian, under his own

hand. We note with satisfaction the institution of suit to recover \$21,500,000 alleged to have been fraudulently obtained from the government in the construction of army cantonments by such well known companies as the Thompson-Starrett Company, the George A. Fuller Company, and others. But Mr. Daugherty should look nearer home. Across the Cabinet table sits a hard-faced man who did well in the war, from whom he might inquire concerning his participation in the profits of the Bosch-Magneto transfer, and his interest in withdrawing the case against the Wright-Martin Aircraft Corporation. It is John W. Weeks, Secretary of War.

THE Ku Klux Klan may well prove to be the most sinister and dangerous social development which has taken place in this country since the war. It combines violence with secrecy, compulsion with moral cowardice, racial hatreds and prejudice with religious bigotry, and the consciousness of social respectability on the part of its individual members with the methods and irresponsibility of outcasts. If it continues to grow in strength, it will become the kind of menace which only a widespread moral and social revival among the American people can neutralize. Yet dangerous as it is, the danger will only be emphasized if the government fights it by means of the strong-arm methods which Mayor Hylan of New York proposes with so much righteous bravado. There is a passage in the letter which he wrote to Commissioner Enright which deserves to become classic in the literature of official violence. He orders his subordinate to "drive them out of our city as rapidly as you discover them"; as if it was the business of the Police Department to "drive out" citizens whom the mayor considers to be a menace. No wonder that the Civil Liberties Union felt called upon to protest.

THE execution of Erskine Childers, like that of the four Republican soldiers which preceded his death and made it a logical necessity, is a terrible error. It is one of those irreparable acts which enter into the memory and blood of a people and survive for generations. The only future for Ireland is in unity and peace. That was the only hopeful future for the United States after the Civil War. Where would be that future now if the government had carried out the full penalty for treason in the case of Jefferson Davis, Alexander H. Stephens and Robert E. Lee? We do not press the analogy between these cases except in one particular—the opportunity for political wisdom. We have held that the chief responsibility

for the unhappy state of Ireland falls upon the Republicans, who after the acceptance of the method of negotiation with England, broke the united front which alone could render that method successful. We admit the perplexity and exasperation of the Free State government. Above all we regret the assassination of Michael Collins whose spirit and counsel were never more needed than at present. His death was in the deepest sense a fatality, of which the execution of Childers is one of the recurrent reminders.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON, a Mexican anarchist, was arrested in 1918 because of an editorial he had written in a Los Angeles Spanish newspaper predicting that the war would result in world wide revolution, which, he said, ought to be accomplished with as little violence as possible. He was convicted, and sentenced to twenty-one years and a \$5,000 fine—the severest sentence handed down under the Espionage Act. While in Fort Leavenworth he became almost totally blind, and was suffering from tuberculosis and diabetes. His friends, pointing to the release from prison of Charles W. Morse and Francis H. Noble because of ill-health, asked that he be let out. Attorney General Daugherty, whose connection with the release of Morse is too well known for his comfort, and who allowed Debs to go free without forcing him to “repent,” refused their pleas on the ground that Magon showed no sign of repentance, and that he wasn’t really sick at all. For months the federal government refused to allow any outside physician to examine Magon. Why should this be necessary? There was nothing the matter with him. This statement has now been refuted in the only possible way. Magon died in Leavenworth on November 20th.

The Great Liberal Victory!

WE have had a bad quarter of a hour with a critic. He is a man of vision and judgment, and he has the merit, inestimable in our eyes, of viewing and valuing political issues much as we do. But he quarrels with our journalistic methods. That bothers us, as our readers would understand, if we were free to give his name. It is the name of an extremely accomplished and successful journalist, who knows the public well and understands what it needs.

For the text of his strictures, he takes our handling of the recent election. Do we not agree, he asks, that the case of liberalism in America stands better than it did before the election? We do. Do

we not rejoice in the fact? We do. Do we not recognize that in politics, even more than elsewhere, nothing succeeds like success, and that a feeling among liberals that they have won a preliminary victory would immensely fortify their souls for the next struggle? We do. Then, why in heaven’s name, did we not come out with a paean of jubilation, claiming the election as a great liberal victory, instead of laying emphasis upon the factors of vague discontent and off-year oscillation? Our critic recognizes these factors as well as we do. But what good liberal interest, he inquires, is subserved by dwelling on them?

A liberal journal must, he says, perform for the rank and file of liberals the same kind of service that the official communiqué performs for a nation at war. Above all, it must build up morale. Consider what a job fell to the lot of the communiqué writers after the terrible collapse of the Italian front. They knew that we all felt much like frightened babes alone in the dark. They knew that nothing would reassure us but milk—chalk milk if no other kind was to be had—and they were too loyal to disappoint us so long as the chalk supply held out. And so they wrote like this: “On the Isonzo our lines were withdrawn to stronger positions in the rear. The enemy suffered severe punishment in his precipitate occupation of the abandoned terrain.”

That is how we should have handled even a defeat, says our critic. But the last election was certainly not a defeat for the liberals. Pinchot, Brookhart, Howell, Shipstead, Frazier—are not these names alone sufficient to distinguish a victory? Add the defeat of the Industrial Court in Kansas, of Newberryism in Michigan, of Frel-inghuysen in New Jersey and of Millerism in New York; add the liberal gains in Montana and Colorado; add a host of other gains in the congressional and state elections. Does not the sum amount to what may justly be called an imposing victory for liberalism? Where now is the magnificent machine of the reaction created by the 1920 election? All knocked topsy-turvy on the inside. It won’t run at all, after March 4th. No major mischief can be done by it in the next two years. Nothing else can be done either, but there come times in life when we must be deeply grateful for nothing.

Results, says our critic, are what matter in journalism and in life, and the results of the late election were a victory for liberalism. But the New Republic failed to present cheerful results at their face value. Instead it drew attention to the less cheerful facts behind the results—as if

gloom must be maintained at all costs. The New Republic seems to our critic to exhibit almost an obsession for the rank facts at the root of the flow-er of victory. Everybody ought to know that the fortunes of the party in power always ebb mid-way between Presidential elections, especially if economic conditions have been unfavorable. Everybody ought to know that, in the late battle, the forces of liberalism and reaction were so far from being aligned that even the intelligent soldier was not to be blamed for asking: "At what bunch shall I shoot, Captain?" Everybody ought to know that it was the wet issue, rather than an authentic liberalism, that beat Frélinghuysen; that the personal popularity of Smith beat Miller and Calder; that the Germans beat Hitchcock; that honest citizens of every hue joined to beat Newberry's supporter in Michigan; that the bonus accounts for a huge number of the votes cast against the party in power. These things everybody must surely know. Why does the New Republic insist on them? What do they amount to except this: The late election was a victory *for* liberalism, not *by* liberalism? But what is a preposition between friends and journalists?

To return to the analogy of the communiqué. We recall our burst of pride when the St. Mihiel salient, which for four years had festered like a spear-head in the Allied flank, was extracted at one pull by Pershing. The facts were, of course, that the Germans had mostly decamped before Pershing started. The spear-head was loose. Did any communiqué writer insist on the point to the virtual exclusion of the happy results? No indeed. A writer who did that would have been cashiered immediately.

Now, says our critic sternly, that is exactly what the New Republic did about the election. It minimized the results by looking to the facts behind them. Thus it missed a golden opportunity to buck up the morale of the liberals. It broke all the canons of the communiqué writers' art, that is, of journalism. We plead in extenuation that we have on our conscience enough miscalculations made in good faith; that we simply can't—and won't—add to our sins by deliberately extracting from an event an optimistic meaning which we do not believe lies in it. Then, our critic says, you are not journalists. You ought to retire and make way for men who will give the liberal public the communiqués it wants and needs.

Perhaps he is right. But before we accept a conclusion so disconcerting to us, we may be permitted to examine the analogy more closely. For whom, after all, were the war communiqués written? Not for the general staff or the statesmen,

but for the absolute outsider, whose duty it was not to reason why. A general who permitted his spirits to be bucked up by an optimistic communiqué, and proceeded with his military dispositions on the strength of it, deserved to be shot. The outsiders were justified in humoring themselves with roseate communiqués, because they could not have done anything with the bleak facts if they had had them. Somewhere a planning organization was dealing with the facts as they actually were. That was enough.

Now, we should like to know, where is the liberals' general staff, working out a sound plan of campaign on the basis of the facts? If we knew of the existence of such a staff, and had confidence in its wisdom, perhaps we might consent to make George Creels of ourselves and produce naval victories on the eve of the Fourth of July.

But so far as we know there is no liberal general staff except the hundreds of thousands of liberal men and women who are determined that American democracy and civilization shall go forward unimpeded by special interests, traditionalism and political superstition. It is these men and women who have to work out the general plan of the campaign. They know that the future belongs to the liberal democracy. But they also know that a truly democratic program is terribly hard to achieve. It is so easy to conclude that whatever the reactionaries oppose is worth supporting; so easy to follow will o' the wisps into the swamp and leave the field to the enemy. Those upon whom the responsibility for sound policy rests can not afford to indulge themselves in illusions. It is theirs to reason why; therefore they must face the facts.

It is for these men and women that the New Republic is written. That is why, with all respect to the writers of cheering communiqués, we cannot fall in with their technique. We shall present the facts as they appear to us. We know, alas, of no way of insuring ourselves against error, often grave error. But we shall persist in writing truth as we see it.

A French Question and an American Answer

IT is true, as M. André Tardieu says, that M. Clemenceau has captured the attention of a larger American audience than any Frenchman who has ever spoken in this country, but M. Tardieu should not allow this American interest to betray him into great expectations. M. Clemenceau,

by virtue of the popularity of his speeches, is not promoting future political cooperation between France and the United States. On the contrary, he has confirmed American public opinion in its present refusal to assume any political responsibilities in Europe which involve complicity in the national animosities of that distracted continent. He has done nothing to diminish the disesteem with which the ordinary American regards France's behavior since the armistice. He has presented to the American public an attractive and even impressive, but at the same time a somewhat pathetic figure. With his narrow outlook, his inaccurate mind, his obviously failing intellectual powers, his flagrant special pleading and his utter inability to understand how and why the United States entered the war, he has by his very success in capturing American attention, actually injured the cause of Franco-American political cooperation.

Frenchmen, when they watch with dismay and resentment the rising tide of anti-French feeling in this country, attribute it to the machinations of their enemies or to the perfidy, the ignobleness and the selfishness of the American people. They would do better to attribute it to the indefensibility of their own cause. The France which is represented by M. Clemenceau refuses to consider those modifications in French policy and outlook which are necessary to the adjustment of French interests to the interest of the whole of Europe. It refuses to share with other countries the security and the franchise which it claims for itself. The American friends of M. Clemenceau, for instance, besought him when he demanded as a moral right the guarantee by America of the future security of France to come out in favor of making the guarantee reciprocal. But even though he conceded in private the advantage of reciprocity, he found it difficult to commit himself to it in public; and from his point of view he was sincere and consistent in shying away from a public pledge of this kind. He stands by the Treaty of Versailles as the inexorable major premise of the French continental policy; and the Treaty is incompatible with reciprocal guarantees. From the official French point of view its peculiar merit consists in the franchise which it confers on the French government to occupy additional German territory on any one of many legal pretexts. Its essential vice is that it bestows on France the license to wage war on Germany while still preserving the forms of peace. Reciprocal guarantees, in so far as they were effective, would necessarily put an end to the present reign of terror.

But even if this comment be true, is it sufficient? M. Clemenceau came to this country to ask Amer-

ican public opinion what under the circumstances the United States proposed to do for the appeasement and amelioration of Europe. The New York World repeats the question. "This country," it says, "helped to create the conditions in Europe with which the people over there are blindly struggling. It intervened at a critical time in European affairs. It made the victory over Germany complete. Does it insist that it has no responsibility for what it did and that Europe alone must work out the consequences of American interference?" This is a pertinent question and it deserves a considerate as well as a frank answer. The United States did by intervening in the European war with decisive military strength incur a responsibility which it cannot evade. It incurred the responsibility of continuing to promote the object of public policy which had prompted its intervention. But it did not incur any obligation to promote its declared object by the continued adoption of the same means. At present the way in which it can most effectively fulfill its responsibility is by means of political non-cooperation. A policy of non-cooperation does not evade an answer to M. Clemenceau's question. It merely returns an answer which M. Clemenceau does not like.

When the United States entered the Great War, it intervened for the declared purpose of contributing by the use of economic and military power to the permanent appeasement of Europe. Its intervention and the resulting victory, did not accomplish this result. There is more suspicion, recrimination, insecurity and hatred in the world today than there was in 1913. The United States could undoubtedly do something to bring temporary peace to Europe by intervening again, but if it proposed to throw its military power once again into the balance, it would in the interest of immediate pacification act differently from the way in which it acted in 1917. It would use its force to protect Germany against dismemberment. For the present the peace of Europe is threatened, not by what disarmed Germany can and will do to France, but by what France, armed to the teeth, can and will do to Germany. Granted that the American nation has incurred an obligation for the pacification of Europe which it can redeem only by constant interference in European affairs, then the foregoing conclusion seems to us inevitable. It would mean for the United States a prolonged series of interventions in European politics, on the side of one faction or the other, for the purpose of imposing peace on a group of nations, who themselves were acting in ways that tended to provoke war.

Inevitable as the foregoing conclusion may be, it is also impossible. The American people is done

with the suicidal policy of protecting by military force or the threat of military force one European people against other European peoples. That method of contributing to the appeasement of Europe is clearly a failure, and it is the beginning of wisdom in American foreign policy to recognize its failure. It is a method which makes the United States the accomplice of its temporary European associates rather than the guardian and promoter of European peace. It is a method which by erecting American intervention into a substitute for European self-pacification delays the process of conciliation and makes it appear superfluous. The European peoples cannot fairly ask the United States to protect them against one another until they abandon the practices of terrorizing one another and inflicting just grievances on one another. As long as they continue these practices, it would be fatal for the United States to resume active political intervention in Europe. It can best redeem any responsibility it has incurred for the peace of Europe by informing Europe in effect that European peace must rest, not on the protection and armed force of America, but on the sincere willingness and the ability of the European nations to attach as much importance to the security of their neighbors as they do to their own security.

Helping Out the Government

ONE of the most obvious political phenomena of the day is loss of confidence in representative government. Everywhere is observed a slowing up or a breaking down of administrative procedure under the multitude and complexity of its tasks. Impatience with its slow processes and lack of confidence in its methods and results are shown in an increasing tendency of citizens to organize themselves to persuade or correct or supplement it in fulfilling its functions. It is felt that the problem of self-government is no longer to be solved by the simple device of the suffrage with its exercise limited to an occasional election day. Only constant watchfulness will prevent abuses; only constant pressure will secure necessary progress. Undoubtedly there is danger in this intervention of organized citizenship. We are witnessing in Italy the success of such a movement which by a manifestation of force has taken complete possession of the government. In the United States we had something of fascismo during the war, and its legacy is still with us. Faced by the staggering task of administration thrown upon it, the government invited citizens to organize for various auxiliary services of relief and finance, and in the effort to consolidate the influential classes in support of the war, it

accepted the assistance of volunteer organizations in spying upon and coercing their fellow citizens. Naturally the enthusiasm of such organizations outran official discretion, which had, however, too much the better part of valor to interfere. Not only this but under the pressure of the enthusiasm, legislators, executives, and judges yielded their consciences to the mob and enacted laws, countenanced violence and perjury, and passed sentences with the object of proving themselves full partakers in the current insanity. After the war the habit of government still remained strong upon the unofficial governing classes. New associations were formed to defend the present social order, and existing ones such as Chambers of Commerce and Civic Federations increased their pressure to the same end. The organizations of returning soldiers were directed to purposes of miscellaneous control. A more comprehensive and violent assumption of the police powers of the government was undertaken by the Ku Klux Klan. Other organizations were called into existence to meet these abuses of legal or extra-legal power, and to protect citizens against them. In view of the number of bodies intent upon reenforcing or correcting the activity of government it is worth while to consider within what limits such organization of citizenship is necessary or useful.

In the first place it may be said without fear of contradiction that the extension of the functions of government by non-official organizations is intolerable. The making of rules and the setting up of tests for the morality, religion, or patriotism of a community by the Ku Klux Klan or the American Legion is an unmitigated evil. In the second place, it may be said that the assumption of official responsibility by private enterprise is dangerous. For example, the entrusting of public order and protection of property to guards employed by and responsible to private employers leads to atrophy of government and its decay. A notable instance of the evil of the replacing of official by non-official action is found in the payment of the expenses of the investigation and prosecution of the murders at Herrin by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce. In such circumstances it is impossible that public officials should not appear in the light of partisan agents, and the pursuit of justice as a private feud.

On the other hand there are certain aspects of representative government and of the shifting bureaucracy into which it tends to sink, which are a constant challenge to the attention of good citizenship. To neglect them would be to deny its birthright. One of these is the apathy and sluggishness of the government in the performance of its regulative functions in the face of selfish inter-

ests. Another is the extravagant zeal which the government displays in carrying out the will of such special interests, strong in numbers or power, even to the setting aside of those principles which are supposed to safeguard the rights of unpopular groups under majority rule. Both tendencies are permanent; both must be corrected from year to year by insistent pressure from citizens who are animated by what used to be called public spirit.

Of organizations devoted to increasing the healthy activity of government in enforcing its laws, we take The Woman's Clean Government Organization as an example. This association was called into existence by the reluctance and delay of the government in prosecuting those high spirited business men who with the connivance of officials were guilty of fraud in connection with war contracts and the disposal of alien property. One of the lessons of the war is to be learned from the perusal of these sordid pages of its history, pages which but for the activity of this association would be forgotten. The founder of the organization, Major H. L. Scaife, participated in the investigation of the frauds in the air service, conducted by Mr. Hughes, of which he wrote an illuminating account in *Current History* for April, 1921. His information was the basis of the sensational exposure made by Mr. Woodruff in the House of Representatives last April of the apathy of the present administration in the investigation and prosecution of war frauds, to which exposure such activity as has since been evinced is undoubtedly due. The Clean Government Organization is also bringing the most effective pressure to bear on the departments responsible for the enforcement of the Volstead law. The exposure of their participation in the widespread violation of the law has served to focus attention upon one important phase of the situation, the official corruption which tends to bring the whole process of government to a standstill.

Of organizations directed to correcting the tendency of government toward flagrant disregard of the rights of small, unpopular groups or of individuals, there are too many even to mention. The causes of the Negro, of the Indian, of the immigrant are defended by generous men and women with a devotion which is beyond any praise which we can give them. The citizens committees which have been successful in the cases of Mooney and of Sacco and Vanzetti in securing a stay in execution while new evidence was accumulating will, in view of that evidence, one day be thought to deserve as well of their country as Voltaire and Zola of theirs, for their championship of Calas

and Dreyfus. The unflagging efforts of the advocates of amnesty for those convicted and serving sentence for opinion's sake, are a generous attempt to diminish the casualties of the war. If we should select a single organization representative of such active good citizenship we should name the American Civil Liberties Union. Throughout the war this association stood in the face of mob clamor and government persecution for the elementary civil rights of citizens under the constitution of the United States. That is its function at present. Doubtless the Boston Transcript expresses the view of many of those who read it when it represents the organization as impeding the processes of justice and shielding criminals. To quote some sentences from the reply of Mr. Norman Thomas which the Transcript consented to print: "The American Civil Liberties Union exists to keep alive the memory and some remnants of the substance of American freedom in a period of reaction. It stands for orderly progress by means of unrestricted freedom of opinion and against the resort to violence which invariably follows long continued suppression of new ideas and movements. . . . Our convictions are not shaken by reactionary propaganda, legislation or judicial decisions. We are slow to concede that adverse legislation or decision conclusively reverses the law. We appeal for recognition of the law and reversal of unsound decisions and policies." This organization thus fulfills one relation of citizenship to government which is above all others fundamental in a democracy. It stands guard over the original principles of which the government is supposed to be an expression and to which alone it owes its right to exist.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Mediocrity and Individuality

INDIVIDUALISM is about the most ambiguous word in the entire list of labels in ordinary use. It means anything from egoistically centered conduct to distinction and uniqueness. It is possible to say that excessive individualism is an outstanding curse of American civilization, and that absence of individualism is our marked deficiency. When the former remark is made, economic and legal conditions are in mind; when the latter, intellectual life is in question. Individuality is a surer word; it carries with it a connotation of uniqueness of quality, or at least of distinctiveness. It suggests a freedom which is not legal, comparative and external but which is intrinsic and constructive. Our forebears who permitted the growth of legal and economic arrangements at least supposed, however mistakenly, that the institutions they favored would develop personal and moral individuality. It was reserved for our own day to combine under the name of individualism, laudation of selfish energy in industrial accomplishment with insistence upon uniformity and conformity in mind.

Now that we have reached the point of reverence for mediocrity, for submergence of individuality in mass ideals and creeds, it is perhaps not surprising that after boasting for a long time that we had no classes we now boast that we have discovered a scientific way of dividing our population into definite classes. Just as Aristotle rationalized slavery by showing how natural it was for those superior by nature to constitute the ends for others who were only tools, so we, while marvelling perhaps at the callousness of the Greek philosopher, rationalize the inequities of our social order by appealing to innate and unalterable psychological strata in the population. Thus Mr. George B. Cutten in his inaugural address as president of Colgate University recently informed us that it is now "discovered" that "only fifteen percent of the people have sufficient intelligence to get through college." From this "discovery" he draws the conclusion that as we have never had a real democracy, so "the low level of the intelligence of the people will not permit of our having one." He not only makes the undeniable statement that we are ruled by an aristocracy in industry, commerce, professions and government, but he terms this aristocracy an *intellectual* aristocracy! The adjective seems incredible. But President Cutten thinks there is the same scientific warrant for assuming that conspicuous success under present conditions is a sign

of innate intellectual superiority as for saying that twenty-five percent of the population are mentally subnormal and that only fifteen percent are capable of higher education.

Mr. Cutten begins his presidential career with a startling view of the social stratification which is to be the ultimate outcome of an educational classification based on intellectual classifications by means of mental testing. We are to arrive at a caste system like that of India, "but on a just and rational basis." For "when the tests for vocational guidance are completed and developed, each boy and girl in school will be assigned to the vocation for which he is fitted." There will be no difficulty about filling the ranks of unskilled labor and mechanical operators, for Mr. Cutten implicitly believes the yarn that the army tests have shown that the "average mentality" of the population is slightly over thirteen years. Considering only the energy and unspoiled curiosity of the average thirteen year old in comparison with the dulled observation and blunted vigor of the average adult one might hope that this statement were true. It would be most encouraging. But it is more to the point to remark that, as Mr. Lippmann has so clearly shown in these pages, the statement interpreted as Mr. Cutten means it is like saying that perhaps sixty-five percent of the population rank below the lowest fifty percent; it takes absolutely what is only a comparative statement, thereby rendering it literally senseless. What makes this performance more than a mere individual mistake is that it affords striking evidence of the habit of ignoring specific individualities, of thinking in terms of fixed classes, intellectual and social.

There is no need to re-traverse the ground so admirably covered by Mr. Lippmann. But why has it been so generally assumed among our cultivated leaders that a purely classificatory formula gives information about individual intelligence in its individuality? To say that Johnnie Jones who was born in 1913 has in 1922 a mental age of eight or of ten years only means that he belongs, on the basis of his performance of certain exercises, to a class of persons at least over a million in number, who were born in 1912 or 1914 respectively. Why then is it so frequently supposed that the individual mentality of John Jones has been definitely determined? To say that one belongs in a class which is a million or so large, with respect to which one is accelerated or retarded by

a year in comparison with another class of a million, does not, after all, throw much light on the intrinsic capacities of a given individual.

The assumption seems to indicate one thing. We are irretrievably accustomed to thinking in standardized averages. Our economic and political environment leads us to think in terms of classes, aggregates and submerged membership in them. In spite of all our talk about individuality and individualism we have no habit of thinking in terms of distinctive, much less uniquely individualized, qualities. The inference to be drawn from the popular reception of mental testings concerns the acquired habits of intellectual spokesmen, rather than the inherent intellectuality of the populace. This fact is indeed significant for the prospects of democracy. But the reason it is ominous for democracy is radically different from that often assigned. For it reflects not upon the innate mentality of the mass but upon the acquired intelligence of men in high positions. It shows how their education, that given by their surroundings as well as by their schools, has fixed in them the disposition to judge by classification instead of by discrimination, and by classifications which represent the average of massed numbers, mediocrities instead of individualities.

We may be thought to ignore the interest which many testers have shown in pupils of superior abilities. For some of the testers tell us that one of the chief beneficial consequences of testing is that it enables us to pick out the superior tenth, to rescue the saving remnant from the ruck in which they are now submerged. But the seeming exception proves the rule. The idea of classification still fatally pursues and dominates. "Superior" is still a classificatory word. The size of the class is reduced, say from a million to a hundred thousand. But what kind of superiority marks a particular individual is still unrevealed to us.

The practical educational use to which testers propose that the results of testing should be put strengthens the proposition that even cultivated minds are dominated by the concept of quantitative classes—so much so that the quality of individuality escapes them. For many of them are now telling us that the chief use of the results of the tests is to secure a more accurate ranking or grading of pupils. Instead of mixing up together a lot of pupils of different abilities we can divide them into a superior, a middle and an inferior section, so that each can go its own gait without being kept back or unduly forced by others. An individual is not conceived as an individual with his own distinctive perplexities, methods and rates of operation. The classificatory submergence of individ-

uals in averaged aggregates is perpetuated: it is standardized and rendered more efficient. It may turn out that the net result will be to postpone the day of a reform of education which will get us away from inferior, mean and superior mediocrities so as to deal with individualized mind and character. The movement is on a par with the movements to make instruction more efficient while retaining that notion of teaching which emphasizes the receptively docile mind instead of an inquiring and pioneering purpose.

These remarks are in no sense a hostile criticism of the scientific procedure of mental testing. They are an attempt to suggest its proper goal and to indicate the stage which has now been reached in moving toward that goal. The goal is a method of discrimination, of analysis of human beings, of diagnosis of persons, which is intrinsic and absolute, not comparative and common. Before this goal can be reached it is necessary that certain average statistical norms should be determined. But their function is scientific, not practical either for schooling or for the conduct of democracy. They are of value in working out a system of tests to be used ultimately in analysis of an individual. You cannot be sure, for example, that you have a good test for mechanical ingenuity in a particular person until you have seen how large numbers react to different exercises. The pity is that a scheme for testing tests which are ultimately to be employed in diagnosing individuality has been treated as if it already provided means of testing individuals.

Life insurance is impossible, for example, without extensive statistical investigations, establishing quantitative mean norms. Individuals are graded as to their degree of insurable risk on the basis of these norms. But no one supposes that the result determines the fate of any particular person. If to be accepted as a good risk were a guarantee of long life, clearly no one after being accepted would insure himself. And similarly to a sensible person rejection is not a fatalistic sign of sure death. It is a warning to have a thorough individual examination made, and to undertake individualized remedial measures on the basis of this individual diagnosis. An I.Q. as at present determined is at most an indication of certain risks and probabilities. Its practical value lies in the stimulus it gives to more intimate and intensive inquiry into individualized abilities and disabilities.

As a matter of fact, President Cutten's educational outlook in the concrete is much more intelligent and humane than is indicated by his credulous use of the army tests. He saves himself by losing his logic. He says that education is conservative as

compared with theology and philosophy; he declares that if we are teaching the wrong subjects, the better the teaching the more disastrous the results; his conviction that we are largely teaching the wrong subjects is perhaps indicated by his statement that our curricula have not changed much in the last millennium. He points out that the whole system is strong on its receptive side and weak on the creative side; and that the consequence is the comparative scarcity of creative artists and thinkers among us. Students who merely pass in college and who are conspicuous for breaches of discipline become later in life leaders and executives.

Is it possible to admit these facts and not also admit that as a practical measure we should devote ourselves to changes in education which are within our control rather than worry about innate differences which are not within our control? If there prevailed from the elementary school up the kind of inquiring and creative education which President Cutten desires for the college, perhaps democracy, in spite of native inequalities and inferiorities, would not be in such a parlous condition. Until we have tried the educational experiment, we simply do not know and shall not know what individual capacities and limits really are. For it is not just the quantity of our education which is confessedly at fault; it is its quality, its spirit, method and aim.

A change from a receptive education to a creative one, to one which as President Cutten well says would result in "ability to meet a unique situation," obviously implies studying and treating individuals in their distinctive and unique qualities. It involves getting away from that class and averaged education to which the current interpretation of the results of mental testing the more rigidly commits us. One appeals with unusual pleasure from President Cutten dealing with a subject matter of a science in which he is a somewhat credulous non-expert to the field of education in which he is a wise expert. From an *ad hominem* point of view, the difference of attitude in the two fields indicates how much what is termed intelligence is an acquired matter, due to opportunity and experience. No matter how much innate qualities may set limits, they are not active forces. Experience, that is to say education, is still the mother of wisdom. And we shall never have any light upon what are the limits to intelligence set by innate qualities till we have immensely modified our scheme of getting and giving experience, of education. Barring complete imbecility, it is safe to say that the most limited member of the populace has potentialities which do not now reveal themselves and which will not reveal themselves till we convert education by and for mediocrity into an education by and for individuality.

JOHN DEWEY.

Partnership in Poverty

THERE are many Germans who would like nothing better than to ride through France, singing their national anthem and joyously killing Frenchmen to right and left in the security of a superior armament. Such a joy-ride would be an act according to their faith: towns aflame, fields strewn with enemy corpses—could anything be more thrilling, more magnificent, to the true German patriot? And there are many French patriots who would like nothing better than a similar holiday of fire and blood in Germany. A certain number of times during every hundred years, as the fortunes of the two peoples alternate, our French and German patriots have their hearts' desire. The Germans are convinced that the French are to blame; the French can prove that pugnacity is forced upon them by the Germans. The two nations are victims of habits of mind historically ingrained, which make them love to attack each other.

Can these habits be corrected? Are the French and the Germans capable of developing souls in which rage and hatred are less important constituents? Certain it is that many men find it harder to live without hating than to live without eating. Food and raiment are not, by themselves, enough. The food must be snatched from somebody's mouth and the raiment stripped from somebody's body. Pleasure is not pleasure unless it be based on the suffering of others. The Frenchman and the German seem to be born with this ancient zest for robbing each other, breaking and entering each other's houses, carrying off each other's wives, strangling each other's babies, defacing each other's lands with such ruins as Turenne left in the Palatinate, and Hindenburg on the Somme.

Is it the rule of life that neighbors can never be friends? The peace of the world would be assured if nations with a common frontier could somehow manage to develop one or two thoughts in com-

mon. But proximity seems to produce incompatibility and antagonism. With indifference out of the question as a virtue of difficult practice, sneering and hating seem to be more to the point than sympathizing and loving; and since you must hate, you hate best at close quarters. Thus the French and the Germans have become so blinded by inherited passions that they take no account of the experiences war brings. What did the conflict of 1914-18 prove, unless it proved that fighting is, above all else, a stupid piece of business, that victory is a disaster for the victor quite as much as for the vanquished and that the greatest gain deriving from international struggles is far less valuable than the ordinary humdrum profit of avoiding them? Yet here we are, denying the evidence of millions of dead and billions of debts, ready to begin over again, increasing rather than diminishing our armed forces! We have so often fought each other that we know exactly what there is in war. But we have not experimented with conciliation and collaboration—two recourses it is high time we tried, if we are to avoid a ruin greater than any we have ever known. Salvation together, or death together—that is the alternative.

Supposing these two peoples had set about demonstrating to each other that war is a mutual disaster. What great things might not have been done with the money and energy that warfare has cost them! What prosperity, what progress in all the blessings of civilization, could both nations not have realized! No victory however sweeping could offer such prospects. In a struggle, one against the other, only one prize is at stake—poverty. Peace means fortune for both, and the triumph of peace is not for one people to get what the other has, but for each to keep what it already owns. Peace does not involve selling your daily bread to a neighbor for the price of his enduring hatred: it means preserving your ability to live without costing you the exhaustion of killing.

Somehow humanity is less familiar with the forces operating within itself than with the exterior forces of nature. We make worse mistakes in political economy than in predicting the weather. We can foresee a cyclone, but not a panic. Some of our best economists got the last war all wrong. They expected a great boom in industry to result from the need of replacing what had been destroyed. To the exact contrary, idleness and hard times followed on the wastage of wealth. Would such results as these not have their effect on public policy if so much effort were not expended to obscure and counteract them? If the barkers of patriotism were hauled off the side-walks, would France and Germany continue to hate each other?

Yet the technique of modern life is such that the war-howlers retain their popularity and influence among French and Germans alike, by leading plain men to slaughter while keeping very safe themselves.

This is not as it used to be. Saint Bernard of Clairvaux in preaching the Second Crusade boasted that after his sermons not one man was left behind for every seven women. But those seven women had tongues in their heads. When three hundred thousand Christians failed to return from under Turkish sabres on oriental battlefields, or from under the hammers of Greek slave-markets, the halo vanished from the head of the Saint of Clairvaux. He had refused to depart with the Crusaders. He had created in the multitudes a passion for danger, but he himself had stayed secure in his monastic cell. The unlucky Saint did not have, as M. Maurice Barrès has, for instance, a morning newspaper in which to explain himself. He could not prevent people of common sense from noting the cowardice of preaching by word and not by example, of creating danger and seeking safety. Nowadays men can shout for war, but keep out of it when it comes. They can cheer men on to death, and themselves pass the time of peril in comfort and high living.

But let us forget the existence of our grave-diggers. Let us lay the foundations of Franco-German friendship, for which the French League for the Rights of Man and the German New Fatherland Association have set the first stones in place. It is no easy task, for men are loath to abandon the errors for which they have suffered greatly. There is too much blood on the concept of "country" for people to desert that concept willingly. We cling to our mistakes more tenaciously than to our blessings. Casualties become a sort of national stock-in-trade. The more of them we have suffered or inflicted, the more we insist on the glory of them and the more we hesitate to depreciate them and to lose our pride in them. To take away from men the chance to kill in the name of their country is to attack one of the great sources of human self-esteem.

Leagues for peace exist; but the work of the French and German societies is of greater present urgency. We should not associate other peoples in our particular effort, because it is important that the desire for good-fellowship between those nations which have hated each other longest should be clearly and independently expressed. On such an expression the prosperity of Europe and the world depends. Men of goodwill in France and Germany should attack their own respective hatreds. A demonstration of friendship on their part will

furnish the needed example, and establish a hope that life may eventually triumph over death. Without friendship between France and Germany no sense of European solidarity is possible. This would not in itself, of course, be a sufficient guarantee of peace: for that we need a sense of world solidarity. But peace in Europe must come first. Any heat between nations in Europe is sure to scorch the rest of the world. Every nation is concerned once trouble arises there, and the greater the nation, the greater is this concern. America is making a mistake in holding aloof. First, as she is, in understanding the modern world (as a world of industry and commerce), first in the relief of Austria and Russia, first in the rescue of millions of European and Asiatic children, America should have continued to be first in preaching the doctrine of world solidarity. Instead she is pursuing a policy of isolation as regrettable for herself and for humanity as Franco-German hostility is for Europe. Yet it is of the utmost importance for America that France and Germany become good friends. In helping to bring that about she is helping herself.

What humanity needs now is a great back-fire against hatred, a world-wide assault, through every agency of publicity available, upon all the forces and upon all the men working for war. We need to mass the energies of world pacification against the propagandas that are inspiring conflicts for the future. We need to publish the evidence of such activities, to checkmate and confound the men who are secretly managing them. America is in a position to finance, to her own ultimate advantage, such an effort for peace. France, crushed by the burden of military preparation, cannot pay back her borrowings. She will never be free of debts till her great armies are abolished. But if France and Germany could be brought together to collaborate each in the rebuilding of the prosperity of the other, Europe would become a profitable customer for the United States instead of an insolvent debtor. If the United States devoted to the project a portion only of the money due her—money which she will never collect unless the state of mind in Europe can be changed for the better and the European countries enabled to recover strength through an era of peace—the pacification of Europe would be assured.

We make this suggestion: for every five hundred million francs that the United States cancels from the French debt, France will allow Germany a credit of two hundred millions, assigning fifty millions more to a Foundation for Franco-German Friendship. This latter fund, with interest at six percent, will make annually available some three

million francs—to be controlled by a board consisting of one American, one Frenchman and one German, and to be expended in a propaganda against Franco-German hatred and in favor of Franco-German amity and goodwill. Its specific purposes will be to demonstrate on every possible occasion and in every possible way the need for sympathy and understanding between the two countries; to bring the thinkers of both nations together periodically; to create the common "patria" of labor—for in the eyes of internationalists, a man's work becomes his "country." Who would deny that what we are here proposing would be an excellent piece of business for France and Germany? Yet any effort to execute such a proposal would be rewarded with a few million insults, if nothing worse. Any attempt to unite two peoples in a determination to refrain from massacring each other is apostasy from the religion of patriotism.

For thousands of years the human race has been preaching the brotherhood of man, but practising the barbarity of war. As though men had an insane worship of death, they willingly accept the most frightful of destinies. Unable to overcome the vice of hatred and combativeness, they have glorified it, draping it with flags, magnifying it with oratory, setting it to music. Thus they have exalted glory against fraternity, grafting honor upon dishonor.

Powerful as they are in their knowledge, they remain invertebrates in character; for if intelligence has been applied to mastering disease, it has also been applied to perfecting warfare more terrible than any disease. A plague for which they are wholly responsible, which requires their deliberate agency in order to exist at all, they inflict upon themselves and upon each other.

War is a misfortune which men need simply to abstain from in order to destroy; yet they seem to recognize no obligation so imperious as that of perpetuating and intensifying it. Lack of patriotism has been made a crime. But for love of all the countries of humanity, let us joyfully commit that crime. Let there be many French and German "criminals" of just this breed, criminals guilty of having willed Franco-German friendship. Let us everywhere answer insult with inexorable irrefutable argument; let us not bow our heads before the storm; let us give as well as take, that the time may be not far distant when intelligent countries will refuse to listen to the screaming of the war-makers. But that should not incline us to wait till everybody is of our opinion, before we make known what that opinion is.

PIERRE HAMP.

Tiger, Tiger

THE audience in the Opera House does not notice that four of the six names engraved over the proscenium are German, nor does it care very much who are the distinguished citizens in white shirt-fronts on the stage, nor is it particularly attentive to Mr. John W. Davis's preliminaries of rather stiffly poetical oratory, nor to his mispronunciation of M. Clemenceau's name.

All eyes are fixed on a small figure sitting alertly and stolidly on the edge of its chair like the most ancient and distinguished woodchuck in all the world. When he has risen, and a wave of applause, not wild, but thorough, has died away, people strain forward to hear the first low sentences. There is no prefatory flourish, no blowing of rhetorical trumpets to stir listeners who have to be impressed. With his short, apparently unarticulated arms pressed to the table, he begins, in a low English agreeably veiled by a French voice, a French "r," a French evenness of accent. A pleasant story, then thanks for a warm welcome to America, and friendly memories of that time fifty-seven years ago when he first came here, "that happy time when a young man of some imagination thinks everything is possible to him." One likes this amused tolerance of his own youth in a man who has seen more, done more, and been a closer partner of history than anybody in his audience has been or is likely to be.

Gradually he gets down to business. The low voice takes on more positive tones. He is talking straight at America. "I am not going to ask you for money. You have too much of it. . . . I want yourself, your heart and soul." He tells us he does not want to have any political influence over us. In gestures of protest, of negation, the short stiff arms are lifted a bit from the table, and flop stiffly down to his sides again, like the flippers of some grizzled, highly intelligent walrus in evening clothes.

The Tiger does not show his teeth. If he has any impulse to, he skilfully conceals it. He comes to meet American prejudices and ignorances part way. He has not come to America "to abuse the Germans or anybody." He doesn't mean "to pursue any hatred forever against them." But he lets you feel that, at bottom, he mistrusts Germany permanently. What happened twice in his own lifetime is sure to be repeated. It is surer to happen again because France did not obtain what she was promised. There is almost a growl of regret, of iron bitterness, as he says: "If we had known that for

three years the thing that was guaranteed to us was not coming to us we would have gone to Berlin."

(Loud applause. Just behind me one of two young veterans of the World War says to the other: "The hell he would! He never would have got there, that's the trouble.")

One feels, here and there, a certain disagreement, if not coolness, in the audience. There is approval at his more telling points, but it is not so warm as one had expected.

He is going over the story of how peace was made. Inconspicuously he mentions President Wilson. He does not underline the name. It falls from his lips in the course of narrative. But scarcely has he pronounced it before a storm of applause falls on the house like sudden hail. People look about them in surprise. Perhaps only half the house is applauding. The bare arms of the ladies in the boxes remain, almost all of them, motionless. This applause is spontaneous; it is more genuine than the applause for M. Clemenceau; it is the most remarkable incident of the whole evening.

But it does not disturb M. Clemenceau. He takes it in his stride. Neither is he disturbed by Mr. Coyimzoglu, importer of figs, who shouts his desire to know why France made a treaty with Turkey, and is taken out. M. Clemenceau goes on. The gestures are freer now; his arms have joints after all, and his voice occasionally explodes into a ruthless, commanding emphasis.

The certainty of war's recurrence, the certainty of German unregeneracy, these things ring in this voice from the past—such a long and eventful and tragic past that we can hardly wonder if it expresses little better than doubt for the future. We can hardly wonder if his scepticism about the behavior of men should include a certain vindictiveness toward men who have misbehaved.

He is tired, but not defeated; hopeless, but still determined; experienced beyond the experience of most men living, but not, as we see him, wise; he is old, but it is the hand of time rather than that of death which lies heavily upon him. He will go back after having scolded us in a frank and friendly way, probably leaving us admiring, affectionate even, but unconvinced; will leave us to preserve in our mind's eye the picture of a short, white, dauntless figure with sabre-tooth moustaches, the perfect impersonation here below of those—

"ancestral voices, prophesying war."

ROBERT LITTELL.

The New Patricians

WE know that the heresy of yesterday becomes the platitude of tomorrow, but that knowledge does not make it perceptibly easier for us to realize how quickly the most radical movement, school or tendency grows *vieux jeu*. It is almost impossible for us to concede that the tentative experiments, the impudent attacks and the culminating revolt in which we fancied ourselves triumphant have hardened into a set of conventions which call for fresh assaults and even more violent revisions. We who were "the young men" less than ten years ago gaze with an incredulity, in which surprise and outrage are mingled, at a younger generation that not only knocks at our doors but threatens to batter down the very structure in which we are just beginning to feel comfortable. But let me change the militant metaphor and attempt to analyze the new alignment in a somewhat less personal and more explicit chronological manner.

Immediately prior to 1910, the literary tone of America was frigidly academic. Hovey and Carman with their lyrical "Off with the fetters!" had merely imposed another short-lived formula of escape. After the brief term of vagabondage, art in America, gorged with the fruits of a fast-multiplying materialism, sank back in a post-prandial torpor. The vigorous puritanism of the ministerial New Englanders was forgotten; the gospel, thinned and sweetened, was dispensed by a succession of shadows, gesturing with polite uniformity. The word of Hamilton Wright Mabie, Richard Watson Gilder, Henry Van Dyke, Robert Underwood Johnson was respected if not revered. The tradition was the tradition of the earlier Cambridge group but it had grown harder, pedantic, dehumanized. It was a gentleman's, almost a schoolman's world that was reflected in the literature of this period: ornate, nostalgic, refined. It was from the very refinement of this aristocratic attitude that the now mature new generation revolted with such vigor. The passionless precision sent them hurtling to the opposite extreme of emotional disorganization. They called for "Life! More life!" Romanticists and realists found themselves using each other's slogans; they fought with each other to tell the truth, the whole truth and—unfortunately too often—nothing but the truth. Leading the novelists, Dreiser and Anderson, leading the poets, Masters, Lindsay and Sandburg spoke with a democratic fervor; theirs was a passion not only for revelation but for communication. In their desire to talk directly to people, they, like most of their contemporaries, were concerned less with aesthetics than with instinct, more with feeling than with form.

It is against what seems to many of the young *élite* to be an undisciplined emotionalism that the latest generation is revolting. Seeing the immediate past and much of the present as a welter of soft ecstasies and inchoate naturalism, they respond to the full swing of the inevitable pendulum. They are all—or at least their manifestos are—for a new intellectual discipline, for severity of structure, for the subjection of the material to the design. Form is the word most often on the lips of these younger writers; they speak of the mathematics, the architecture of literature, of mass and planes, of suspensions and modulations—of an abstract form, as a musician, despising the theatricalism of opera, might speak of absolute music. It is in essence a patrician attitude that places its emphasis on "style, strangeness, organization." It is primarily a turning away from naturalism, a progression—or, as may be contended, a retrogression—to French ideas of a still earlier generation. Our newest "new men," with their aristocratic *malaises* seeking decorative avenues of escape, may well become a set of belated American Parnassians. But there is this difference between the two periods: Frenchmen, since Flaubert, have adopted the theory that the purpose of art is to conceal art; the young American doctrinaires—and I am thinking chiefly of the more determined secessionists—believe that the function of art is to reveal art, carefully, consciously. This, it seems to me, explains their preoccupation with verbal craftsmanship and deliberate technique. The word aesthete does not have for them, as it had for us, the connotations of Oscar Wilde and the delicately decadent nineties; they speak of a rigorous and crystallized aestheticism.

How far, one asks, can such a program carry them? As in the case of Pound who started his career with a burst of brilliance, is it not likely that an obsession with structure may lead to imaginative sterility? When emotion is minimized or deprecated, does not the artist suffer from a lassitude of the creative faculty? Even now, although it is scarcely fair to pass judgment on a group that is still fluid, one notes that most of its output has been critical—I think of Edmund Wilson, Jr., Kenneth Burke, Malcolm Cowley, Gorham B. Munson—and this prompts a perplexity of fresh questions. If instinct is repudiated or impoverished can the intelligence be a sufficient substitute? Will not intellectual subtleties and nuances of form tend toward the very artistic decadence from which we have revolted, the decadence that appraises the values of life chiefly as aesthetic values?

Such questions would doubtless be answered by the younger men themselves with little unanimity.

For, apart from appearing together upon the planks of their hastily built platform, there is little agreement among them. Even the group that dominates Secession—that most insurgent of periodicals, edited in Brooklyn and published in Vienna—has little unity of aim. Kenneth Burke is a candid and complete cerebralist; Matthew Josephson, on the other hand, is straight dada, accepting the dadaists' denial of logic and their glorification of incoherence; Malcolm Cowley's partisanship, apart from his experiments as a poet, is more definite and critical; Gorham Munson accepts dada's exploitation of the materials created

by the machine's impact on human life but rejects its arbitrary symbols and elaborate formlessness. There are others, still younger and unaffiliated, to reply to such interrogations: E. E. Cummings, attempting a primitive simplification of visual as well as tangential sensations, John Dos Passos who seems to be moving along altogether different channels than those charted in *Three Soldiers*, John Wheelwright, Foster Damon, Hart Crane are among those who are declaring themselves in print. They have prompted the questions. Their work must supply the answers.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

The Mountain Cat

Inscribed to Stephen Graham

I read the aspens like a book, every leaf
was signed.

Then I climbed above the aspen-grove,
reading what I could find,

On Mount Clinton Colorado. And I
met a mountain cat.

I will call him Andrew Jackson, and I
mean no harm by that.

He was growling, and devouring a ter-
rific mountain rat.

But when the feast was ended, the
mountain-cat was kind,

And showed a pretty smile, and spoke
his mind.

"I am dreaming of old Boston," he said,
and wiped his jaws.

"I have often heard of Boston," and he
folded in his paws—

"Boston, Massachusetts, a mountain bold
and great.

I will tell you all about it, if you care to
curl and wait.

"In the Boston of my beauty-sleep, when
storm-flowers

Are in bloom,

When storm-lilies, and storm-roses, and
storm-lilacs are in bloom,

The faithful cats go creeping through the
cat-nip ferns

And gloom

And pounce upon the Boston mice, that
tremble underneath the roses,

And pounce upon the Boston rats, and
drag them to the tomb.

For we are tom-policemen vigilant and
sure.

*Some words
about singing
this song are
written this
border along:*

*If I cannot
sing in the as-
pen's tongue
If I know not
what they say
Then I have
never gone to
school,*

*And have
wasted all my
day.*

*Come let us
whisper of
men and
beasts*

*And joke as
the aspens do.
And yet be
solemn in
their way,*

*And tell our
thoughts*

*All summer
through,*

*In the morning
In the frost;*

*In the mid-
night dew.*

*The mountain
cat seems
violent
And of no*

We keep the Back Bay ditches and potato
cellars pure.

Apples are not bitten into, cheese is let
alone.

Sweet corn is left upon the cob and the
beef left on the bone.

Every Sunday morning, the Pilgrims
give us codfish balls

Because we keep the poisonous rodents
from the Boston halls."

And then I contradicted him, in a man-
ner firm and flat.

"Not in all of Boston are there hunting
scenes like that."

"So much the worse for Boston," said
the whiskery mountain-cat.

And the cat continued his great dream, closing one shrewd
eye:—

"The Tower-of-Babel cactus blazes above the sky.

Fangs and sabres guard the buds and crimson fruits on
high.

Yet the cactus-eating eagles and black hawks hum through
the air.

When the pigeons weep in Copley Square, look up, those
wings are there,

Proud Yankee birds of prey, overshadowing the land,
Screaming to younger Yankees of the self-same brand—

Whose talk is like the American flag, snapping on the
summit pole

Sky-rocket and star spangled words, round sunflower
words, they use them whole.

There are no tailors in command, men seem like trees in
honest leaves.

Their clothes are but their bark and hide and sod and
binding for their sheaves.

Men are as the shocks of corn, as natural as alfalfa fields.

*good intent
Yet read his
words so
gently*

*No bird will
leave its tree
No child will
hate the simper
or the noise
And hurry
away from
you and me.*

*Read like a
gnarled medi-
tative
Cat-like wil-
low-tree.*

And no one yields to purse or badge, only to sweating
manhood yields,
To natural authority, to wisdom straight from the new sun.
Who is the bull god of the herd? The strongest and the
shaggiest one.

Or if they preen at all, they preen with Walter Raleigh's
gracious pride:—

The forest ranger! One grand show! With gun and
spade slung at his side.

Up on the dizzy timber line, arbiter of life and fate,

Where sacred frost shines all the year, and freezing bee
and moss-flower mate.

Boston is tough country, and the ranger
rides with death,

Plunges to stop the forest-fire against the
black smoke's breath,

Buries the cattle killed by eating larkspur
lush and blue,

Shoots the calf-thieves, lumber thieves,
and gets train robbers too.

Governor and sheriff obey his ordering
hand

Following his ostrich plume across the
amber sand.

"But often for lone days he goes, explor-
ing cliffs afar,

And chants his King James' Bible to
tarantula and star.

He reads his rainwashed Shakespear on
horseback, in the dawn.

He has made me quite a college cat.
My western ways are gone.

He spells in Greek, that Homer, as he
hurries on alone.

I hear him scan at Virgil as I hide behind
a stone.

He has kept me fond of fierce John
Brown, and Thoreau, cold and wise.

The silvery waves of Walden Pond
gleam in a bobcat's eyes.

He has taught us grateful beasts to sing,
like Orpheus of old.

The Boston forest ranger brings back the
Age of Gold."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.

"I have never heard, in the cultured Hub, of rowdy men
like that."

"So much the worse for Boston," said the Rocky Mountain
cat.

And the cat purred on in his great dream
as one who seeks the noblest ends:—

"Higher than the Back Bay whales that
huff and puff and bite their friends,

Higher than those Moby-Dicks the
Boston Lovers' path ascends.

Higher than the Methodist or Unitarian
spire,

Beyond the range of any fence of boulder
or barbed wire

Telling to each other what the Boston
Boys have done

*Read like the
Mariposa with
the stately
stem*

*With green-
jade leaves
like ripples
and like
waves,*

*And white
jade petals,
smooth as
foam can be—
The Mariposa
lily*

*That is lean-
ing upon the
young stream's
hem.*

*Speaking
grandly to
that larger
flower*

*That grows
down t'ward
the sea hour
after hour,*

*Hunting for
the Pacific
storms and
caves.*

*Sing like the
Mariposa to
the stream
that seeks the
sea.*

*Speak like
that flower
With slow
Olympian
jest*

*And cup-like
word*

The lodge-pole pines go towering to the *Filling the*
timber-line and sun. *hour.*

And their whisper stirs love's fury in each
pantherish girl-child

Till she dresses like a columbine, or a bleeding heart, gone
wild.

Like a hare-bell, golden aster, blue bell, Indian arrow,
Blue-jay, squirrel, meadow-lark, loco, mountain-sparrow.

Mayflower, sage brush, dying swan, they court in disarray.
The masquerade in Love's hot name, is like a forest-play.

And she is held in worship who adores the noblest boys.
So miner-lovers bring her new amazing pets and toys.

Mewing prowling hunters bring her grizzlies in chains.
Ranchers bring red apples through the silver rains.

In the mountain of my beauty-sleep, when storm-flowers
Are in bloom,

The Boston of my beauty-sleep, when storm-flowers
Are in bloom.

"There are just such naked waterfalls as are roaring there
below.

For the springs of Boston Common are from priceless sum-
mer snow.

Serene the wind-cleared Boston peaks, and there white
rabbits run

Like funny giant snow flakes, hopping in the sun.

The ptarmigan will leap and fly and clutter through the
drift

And the baby ptarmigans "peep, peep," when the weasel
eyelids lift.

And where the pools are still and deep dwarf willows see
themselves

And the Boston Mariposas bend, like mirror-kissing elves.
White is the gypsum cliff, and white the snow-bird's warm

deep-feathered home,

White are the cottonwood and birch, white is the fountain-
foam.

"In the waterfalls from the sunburnt cliffs, the bold
nymphs leap and shriek

The wrath of the water makes them fight, its kisses make
them weak.

With shoulders hot with sunburn, with bodies rose and
white

And streaming curls like sunrise rays, or curls like flags
of night

Flowing to their dancing feet, circling them in storm

And their adorers glory in each lean Ionic form.

Oh the hearts of women then set free! They live the life
of old

That chickadees and bobcats sing, the famous Age of
Gold. . . .

They sleep and star-gaze on the grass, their red ore camp-
fires shine

Like heaps of unset rubies spilled on velvet superfine.

And love of man and maid is when the granite weds the
snow white stream.

The ranch house bursts with babies. Their laughing, deep
eyes gleam,

Buffalo children, barking wolves, fuming cinnamon bears.

Human mustangs kick the paint from the breakfast-table
chairs."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"I have never heard, in the modest Hub of a stock ill-bred as that."
 "So much the worse for Boston," said the merry mountain-cat.

And the cat continued with the dream, as the snow blew round in drifts:—
 "The caves beneath the craggy sides of Boston hold tremendous gifts
 For many youths who enter there, and lift up every stone that lifts.
 They wander in and wander on, finding all new things they can
 Some forms of jade, of chrysoprase, more rare than radium for man.
 And the burro-trains to fetch the loot, are jolly fool-parades.
 The burros flap their ears and bray, and take the steepest grades.
 Or loaded with long mining drills and railroad rails and boards for flumes,
 Up Beacon Hill with fossil fish, swine-bones from geologic tombs,
 Or loaded with cliff-mummies of lost dwellers of the land.
 Explorers' yells and bridle bells sound above the sand.

"In the desert of my beauty sleep, when rain flowers
 Will not bloom,
 In the Boston of my beauty-sleep, when storms
 Will not bloom,
 By Bunker Hill's tall obelisk, till the August sun awakes
 I brood and stalk blue shadows, and my mad heart breaks.
 Thoughts of a hunt unutterable ring the obelisk around,
 And a thousand glorious sphinxes spring singing from the ground.
 Very white young Salem witches ride them down the west.
 The gravel makes a flat, lone track, the eye has endless rest.
 Fair girls and beasts charge dreaming through the salt-sand
 white as snow,
 Hunting the three-toed pony while
 Mysterious slaughters flow.
 And the bat from the salt desert sucks the clouds on high
 Until they turn to ashes, and all the sky is dry.
 Oh the empty Spanish Missions, where the bells ring without hand.
 As we drive the shadowy dinosaurs and mammoths through the sand."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"I have never seen, in the sun-kissed Hub, circuses like that."
 "So much the worse for you, my cub," said the slant-eyed mountain-cat.

And the cat continued with his yarn, while I stood there marvelling:—
 "I here proclaim that I am not a vague, an abstract thing.
 I like to eat the turkey-leg, the lamb, the chicken-wing.
 Yet the cat that knows not fasting, the cat that knows not dream,
 That has not drunk grey mammoth-blood from the long-dead desert stream,
 That has not rolled in the alkali-encrusted pits of bones

By the sabre-toothed white tiger's cave, where he kicked the ancient stones
 Has not known sacred Boston. Our gods are burning ore.
 Our Colorado gods are the stars of heaven's floor.
 But the god of Massachusetts is a Tiger they adore.

"From that Sabre-Tooth's ghost—purring goes the whispered word of power
 In the sunset, in the moonlight, in the purple sunrise hour:—
 That an Indian chief is born, in a tepee to the west,
 That a school of rattlesnakes is rattling on the mountain's breast.
 That an opal has been grubbed from the ground by a mole.
 That a bumble-bee has found a new way to save his soul.
 In Egyptian granite Boston, the rumor has gone round
 That new ways to tame the whirlwind have been marvelously found.
 That a balanced rock has fallen, that a battle has been won
 In the soul of some young touch-me-not, some tigerish Emerson."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"Boston people do not read their Emerson like that."
 "So much the worse for Boston," said the self-reliant cat.

Then I saw the cat there towering, like a cat cut from a hill,
 A prophet-beast of Nature's law, staring with stony will,
 Pacing on the icy top, then stretched in drowsy thought,
 Then listening, on tiptoe, to the voice the snow-wind brought,
 Tearing at the fire-killed pine trees, kittenish again,
 Then listening like a lion, long made president of men:—
 "There are such holy plains and streams, there are such sky-arched spaces,
 There are life-long trails for private lives, and endless whispering places.
 Range is so wide there is no room for lust and poison breath
 And flesh may walk in Eden, forgetting shame and death."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"I have never heard in Boston, of anything like that."
 "So much the worse for Boston," said the wise, fastidious cat,
 And turned again to lick the skull of his prey, the mountain-rat.

And the cat had ended his great dream of a perfect human race.
 And I walked down to the aspen grove where is neither time nor place
 Nor measurement nor space, except that grass has room
 And aspen leaves whisper on forever in their grace.
 All day they watch along the banks, all night the perfume goes
 From the Mariposa's chalice to the marble mountain-rose,
 In the mountain of their beauty-sleep, when storm flowers
 Are in bloom,
 In the mystery of their beauty-sleep, when storm flowers
 Are in bloom.

VACHEL LINDSAY.

Hamlet

The Tragedy of Hamlet, by William Shakespeare. Sam H. Harris Theatre. November 20, 1922.

MR. JOHN BARRYMORE seemed to gather together in himself all the Hamlets of his generation, to simplify and direct everyone's theory of the part. To me his Hamlet was the most satisfying that I have seen, not yet as a finished creation, but as a foundation, a continuous outline. Mounet-Sully's Hamlet was richer and more sonorous; Forbes-Robertson's at times more sublimated; Irving's more sharply devised; and Sothorn's, so far as we are concerned strictly with the verse pattern, was more securely read. But there is nothing in Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet to get in the way of these accomplishments also, with time and study. And in what he has done there is no inherent quality that need prevent his achieving the thing most needed to perfect, in its own kind, his Hamlet; I mean a certain dilation and abundance in all his reactions. This Hamlet of Mr. Barrymore's must give us—and already promises—the sense of a larger inner tumult and indeed of a certain cerebral and passionate ecstasy, pressing against the external restraint of him. He needs the suggestion of more vitality, ungovernable and deep, of more complex suffering, of not only intellectual subtlety but intellectual power as well, all this added to the continuity of distinction that he already has, the shy and humorous mystery, the proud irony, the terrible storms of pain. Mr. Barrymore brings to the part what is ultimately as necessary to a fine actor as to a fine singer, the physical gifts that enable him to express his idea. He has a beautiful presence, a profound magnetism, an English diction that is pure, even and exact, though not yet wholly flexible, and a voice which, though not supreme, is capable of the highest training and already in the middle part is very admirable.

With such an artist as Mr. Barrymore has risen to be, one cannot escape the matter of the technical means by which he fills out and develops the kind of truth that he sees in his rôle, or confuses and prevents its realization. Mr. Barrymore's technical triumph, I think, lies in the absence from his work of all essentially theatrical faults. There are no idle tricks of the voice, no empty display of actor vanity and professional virtuosity, no foolish strutting, none of the actor idol's way of feeling his oats. There is no egotistical intrusion on the play, no capricious distortion of the truth in the service of histrionic exhibitionism. Throughout the performance the technical method is invariably derived from the conception of the part and never allowed to run ahead of it.

Mr. Barrymore's important technical limitations at this stage of his achievement seem to me to be two. The first concerns the verse. The "resistent flexibility," to use an old phrase, that is the soul of fine reading, he has not yet completely acquired. Much of his reading is excellent; but now and again in his effort to keep the verse true to its inner meaning and to the spiritual naturalness that underlies it, Mr. Barrymore seems to be afraid to admit the line for what it is, verse. Sometimes he allows the phrases to fall apart in such a way that the essential musical pattern of the verse—which is a portion of the idea itself—is lost. In the line—to take an example—

Why, she would hang on him,

he put a heavy stress on the word "hang" and almost let

the "him" disappear; a useless naturalism, for the same effect of sense emphasis can be secured and yet the verse pattern of the lines preserved, by sustaining the nasals in "on" and "him" with no more actual stress on them than Mr. Barrymore used.

For one more instance out of a good many, take the line

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words.

Mr. Barrymore let the phrase "like a whore" fall out solid from the verse, which then began anew with "unpack." But there is a certain sustained unity to the line; "must" and "unpack" have a resistent connection together—to be secured by the tone—which the intervening phrase does not break off. And, as a matter of fact, everywhere in Shakespeare the long, difficult, elaborate and complex passages depend above everything on their musical unity to recreate out of their many details that first profound unity of emotion from which they sprang. Without this unity these details appear to be mere images and ornaments thrown in, whose artificiality is only embarrassing.

The other technical limitation that I feel in Mr. Barrymore is in his rendering of decreasing emotion. To be able to rise successfully to emotional heights is one measure of an actor's art; but this declining gradation is a no less sure test of it. For an illustration of what I mean, take the passage in the closet scene where the Ghost vanishes.

HAMLET: Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the
portal!

QUEEN: This is the very coinage of your brain;
This bodily creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET: Ecstasy!
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,—

Mr. Barrymore repeats the word and goes on with the speech in a reasonable and almost even tone. But in such places a part of the effect of preceding emotion appears in the gradual lessening of it in the actor's manner and voice. This speech of Hamlet's is reasonable, yes, but the calm in the thought precedes that of the whole state of feeling; and the gradation of emotion is in conflict with the will and idea.

I cannot admire too much Mr. Barrymore's tact in the scenes with Polonius. Most actors for the applause they get play up for all it is worth Hamlet's seemingly rude wit at the old man's expense. But Mr. Barrymore gave you only Hamlet's sense of the world grown empty and life turned to rubbish in this old counselor. And, without seeming to do so he made you feel that Polonius for Hamlet stood for the kind of thing in life that had taken Ophelia from him. How finely—even in that last entreaty to Laertes for fair usage—Mr. Barrymore maintained an absence of self-pity in Hamlet, and thus enlarged the tragic pity of the play! What a fine vocal economy he exercised in the scene where Horatio tells him of his father's ghost! And what a stroke of genius it was, when by Ophelia's grave Hamlet had rushed through those mad lines, piling one wild image on another, and comes to the

Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou

to drop on that last, on the "I'll rant as well as thou," into

an aspirate tone, hoarse, broken with grief and with the consciousness of his words' excess and the excess of irony in all things!

And I must admire the economy of business—not all Mr. Barrymore's of course—all through the part. The nunnery scene with Ophelia was done with a reaching out of the hands almost; the relation of Hamlet to his mother and through her to the ghost was achieved by his moving toward the ghost on his knees and being caught in his mother's arms, weaving together the bodies of those two, who, whatever their sins might be, must belong to each other at such terrible cost. There were no portraits on the wall with a ghost stepping out, as Hackett used to do in the sixties. There was no crawling forward on the floor to watch the King during the play, as so many actors have done; and none of Ophelia's peacock fan for Hamlet to tap his breast with and fling into the air, as Irving used to do. About all this production there were none of those accessories in invented business; there was for the most part, and always in intention, only that action proceeding from the inner necessity of the moment and leaning on life, not on stage expedients.

Miss Fuller's Ophelia could not dominate the longer speeches in her first scenes. But in the mad scenes she sang her ballads with unheard-of poignancy; and the slip of her white, flitting body was itself the image of pathos. And Miss Fuller sharpened the effect of madness by putting into it a hint of that last betrayal that insanity brings, indecency. Miss Yurka, though she subsided at times out of the part when she had nothing to do, read her lines admirably; and contrived to suggest without overstating it the loose quality in this woman that subjected her to the King. Mr. O'Brien's Polonius was good, simplified rather far, perhaps, but with a certain force of truth that rendered what—despite his fatuity—Polonius has, a kind of grotesque distinction. Mr. Reginald Pole brought to the Ghost's lines a fine ear and an exact method of reading the verse that you gratefully detect before he is three lines under way. Laertes was the only very bad performance in the whole cast. Mr. Tyrone Power's King—superb in voice and metre—was admirable. He suggested not mere villainy but a more tragic figure of force and heavy will. He convinced us of the charm exerted on people around him that the play attributes to the King, and he made that the charm of an intense motive and desire working in dignity and power.

It is in the scene where Hamlet catches the King praying and does not kill him—the climax of the play—that the method of production employed by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones is reduced, it seemed to me, to its most characteristic terms. The King enters through the curtain, already used a number of times, with the saints on it. He kneels, facing the audience. He lifts his hands and speaks to heaven. Hamlet enters through the same curtain. He debates the fitness of the time for the King's murder, decides against it, withdraws. The King says

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

and rises and goes out. One man is here, one is there. Here are the uplifted hands, there the sword drawn. Here, sick conscience, power, and tormented ambition; there, the torture of conflicting thoughts, the irony, the resolution. Two bodies and their relation to each other, the words, the essential drama, the eternal content of the scene. No tricks,

no plausible business, no palace chapel. And no tradition.

Tradition of conception there is now and again, of course; but of concern about external tradition very little in the entire production. And what of it? If we had some kind of Théâtre Français, a conservatory where a classic like Hamlet would be seen from time to time as a star returns on its course; or if in our theatre we had a succession of rival Hamlets, as was once the case, the question of tradition would be more important. Under such conditions a certain symbolism of stage business might develop, full of deep significance. To abandon all these known devices would be a serious affair. The truth of the play's relation to its audience might be disturbed by such disregard of accepted meanings. But in the New York theatre the disregard of Shakespearean tradition is easy and commendable.

Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Jones for the most part have let sleeping dogs lie, and few in the Hamlet audiences are reminded one way or another of tradition. A far more important end is sought. This production of Hamlet is important and is out of class with Shakespeare production from other sources, not through any perfection in the field of the Shakespearean so called; but because it works toward the discovery of the essential and dramatic elements that from the day it was written have underlain this play. The usual Shakespeare production, however eminent, goes in precisely the opposite direction. It does not reveal the essential so much as it dresses up the scene at every conceivable angle, with trappings, research, scenery, business.

Whatever other elements may arise for consideration, the advance in the production of Shakespeare can proceed only in the direction—though not in the same technique necessarily as that of this new Hamlet, the search for the fundamental truth, the one idea permanent and essential in the matter. Such a method aims at the discovery of the ultimate quality to be rendered. Its final purpose is to discover for the dramatic moment a freedom of all characteristics not its own. And finally it seeks in its treatment of the play to penetrate into those streams in it that tap a current of life that is common to all men and is secure against mere diversity of idea and fortune.

For these ends Mr. Robert Edmond Jones has created a visual form that is for the most part—not quite always—inseparable from the thought of the play. He forces the idea to become the sculptor of itself. There is no clutter of costumes, no beguiling variety of apartments, but a rhythm of images, of light and shade innate to the moment, a pattern of figures with its own abstract truth. And all these, establishing as they do the line of the whole design, appear against that curtain with the saints, or in that hall with its beautiful spaces rising above the play of steps, its arch, and the molding, high up, that conveys the subtlety of the planes. It is architecture at once austere and princely, lyrical and enduring. It has for me at least a quality of excitement in it like that of music; it seems not so much a setting as the rich shadow of thought behind the play's events.

Such a production as this of Hamlet could not hope to be uniformly successful. But in its best passages, without any affectation of the primitive or archaic, it achieved what primitive art can achieve: a fundamental pattern so simple and so revealing that it appeared to be mystical; and so direct and strong that it restored to the dramatic scene its primary truth and magnificence.

STARK YOUNG.

The Best of America

The Letters of Franklin K. Lane, edited by Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Herrick Wall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

"THE world is all people to me. I lean upon them. They induce thought and fancy. They give color to my life. They keep me from looking inward, where, Alas! I never find that which satisfies me." In these words Franklin Lane revealed more fully perhaps than he meant the key of his character. Above all else he was a lover of men, not of mankind en bloc humanitarily, like his exalted chief, but individually with a warm faith in their instinctive soundness, unsullied by his political and office-holding experience. The frank revelation of this large, lovable, essentially noble-minded personality, reaching out gayly, yearningly, whimsically to kindred men and women wherever found—and Lane found them abundantly along his road, attached them and held them close—gives its worth to this somewhat random and indiscriminate collection of personal letters. At times, according to an old-fashioned standard of reticence now out of repute, the revelation is too personal, too intimate for the indiscriminate eye of the public. One feels that the man himself would have chosen with a finer sense of reserve, a more delicate perception of the enduring and the fit.

Lane served his country for almost all his active life. As an Interstate Commerce Commissioner for six years, then for seven years as the Secretary of the Interior in President Wilson's two Cabinets, he demonstrated an exceptional vigor and capacity, yet he was neither statesman nor thinker in any important sense. He administered the vast domain of his department wisely and with scrupulous honesty. He believed in the policy of conservation through utilization of natural resources. If he did not always please the strict conservationists, he could write to one of his assistants: "I look back over the eight years with some personal satisfaction, for not a thing was done or attempted . . . that was unworthy, ignoble, unpatriotic or little. . . . No one can say I have not fought a good fight. . . ."

Lane was a Roosevelt Progressive, by temperament an individualist.

Progress [he wrote] means the discovery of the capable. They are our natural masters. They lead because they have the right. And everything done to keep them from rising is a blow to what we call civilization. Bolshevism is the supremacy of the least capable who have the most power, the most physical power. The thing democracy will do is to breed capacity, give capacity its "show." The premiums, the distinctions, must go to capacity to promote it, to bring it forth, to make it grow, to be its sunshine . . . I am against a standardized world. An ordered, Prussianized world. I am for a world in which personal initiative is kept alive. . . .

The growing absorption of the country in the European war cut across the natural current of Lane's interests and activities, which were the clean development by the government of American resources so that the capable citizen might profit by the heritage of his ancestors. The war, however, fully employed his great administrative talent. His program for the settlement of the returning soldiers upon public lands was one of the very few pieces of imaginative statesmanship to emerge from the confusion of the war, and it was promptly killed by a partisan Congress.

To the war itself and its attendant issues of peace, Russia, the new social order, etc., Lane reacted conventionally.

In face of the universal spirit of unrest he had only the progressive's platitudes about individualism and the blessings of democracy. The much discussed passages in these letters upon the Cabinet meetings before and during the war offer if anything ample excuse for President Wilson's habit of keeping his own counsel and making up his own mind apart from his official advisors; for there was seemingly little enlightenment to be had from his Cabinet. On the whole it appears inadvisable to have revived the rancor of personal controversy about those dark days by publishing these fragmentary notes on personalities and measures, irritable reactions after long hours of wearisome meetings. A few, a very few sidelights are thrown upon historical moments and the intricate Wilson psychology. Perhaps the most illuminating of the latter is the phrase of Burleson, which triggerlike set off the fatal appeal to the American people in 1918 to elect a Democratic Congress. "Burleson said that the party wanted a leader with *guts*—this was his word and it was a challenge to his [the President's] virility that was at once manifested." Thus the homely word "guts" plumped by an adroit politician at the exact moment acted so galvanically and so disastrously upon history!

To the President, with whom, as the characteristic Wilson vacillations and indirections developed, his more ardent and forthright Secretary could have little sympathy (and from whose hands he received at least one dirty blow) Lane was finely loyal to the bitter end. If he permitted his inner self to question that greatness which he had once delighted to proclaim, he did not discuss the matter with his friends. But it was betrayed in his turning towards the memory of Lincoln in the closing days of his life, to the very antithesis of Wilson. "Lincoln made Seward and Chase and Stanton and Blair his mates. He did not fear them."

Lane left the service of his country a poor man, broken in health. The few remaining months of his life spent in futile efforts to regain that vitality which he had so prodigally expended for others gave the richest fruit of his large spirit in his correspondence with friends. Born in Nova Scotia of Scotch and Irish parentage, reared in California in narrow circumstances, Franklin Lane became fundamentally American in his outlook upon life, in his faiths and his ideals—American in the best sense of the word. He was ever ready to give, eager for service, and he believed in the essential goodness of his fellows. Equally American was the wistful groping for a clear religious faith to explain and sustain his robust optimism. A "mystical hanker after something higher" ran like a thread of gold through all the years of his life and tinged all his actions and thoughts.

The creed of his robust and simple nature lay in this fine panegyric:

"Work. Work. Work. It is the order of the One Supreme. It keeps us from being foolish and doing as fools do. It is needed for the mastery of a world that has its Destiny written as surely as we have ours. It is a chain and a pair of wings, it binds and it releases. Work for the weary, the wasted, and the worn. Work—for the joyous, the hopeful, the serene. Work—for the benevolent and the malevolent, the just and the cruel, the thoughtful and the unheeding. Work—for things that life needs, for things that are illusions, for dead sea fruit, for ashes; and work for a look at the stars, for the sense of things made happier for many men, for the lifting of loads from tired backs. . . . Work! Why work? It is the order of the One Supreme."

ROBERT HERRICK.

A Study in the Contact of Civilizations

The Western Question in Greece and Turkey: A Study in the Contact of Civilizations, by Arnold J. Toynbee. London: Constable & Company. 18 shillings.

THAT this is one of the "important" books of 1922 nobody doubts, and it is so chiefly because of its method and purpose. The recent horrors in Anatolia are described not with the object of making our blood boil, but in order to discover their fundamental causes. It is a treatise on nationalist volcanoes, by a cool-headed seismologist who has himself been down into one of the craters. Writers on Near Eastern politics are apt to repel us by their obvious partisanship, but among Professor Toynbee's many merits painstaking fairness is perhaps the most conspicuous. His work is also notable for two other reasons. First, the public interest in its subject-matter, already warm in August—when it was issued—has for the past ten weeks been at fever heat. Secondly, even were it less brilliantly executed, the attainments of its author would compel attention. Well known as a classical scholar at Balliol in 1912, he has written much on the Balkan nationalities, and contributed largely to Bryce's famous Blue Book (1916) on the Treatment of Armenians. He was an expert with the British delegation at Paris (1919) and correspondent of the Manchester Guardian in Anatolia and Greece for six months of 1921, so that for certain Greek atrocities he vouches as an eye-witness. He is now Korais Professor of Byzantine Greek in the University of London. His opinions as to Greece and her neighbors should therefore be—and are—worth reading. Students wishing to learn why the events of 1919-1922 in Asia Minor have brought ruin to that country, disaster to Greece and political eclipse to Venizelos, Constantine and Lloyd George, will here find the tragedy set forth (down to the end of March 1922) with much inside information and in admirable perspective. The title is a neat epitome of the contents. The Eastern Question, that insoluble deposit left by the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, is analyzed from the standpoint, not of Britishers or Frenchmen, but of Greeks and Turks; and is correctly renamed *The Western Question* because shown to have been mainly produced by the interference, partly unconscious, partly covetous or merely inept, of the great Western powers.

The chapter entitled *New Facts and Old Views* is the most interesting, being an attempt to take stock of the present position; some of its conclusions may profitably be borne in mind by the delegates assembled at Lausanne. This passage, be it noted, was written before the Greek débâcle:

The Turks have proved themselves impregnable in the interior of Anatolia. Having successfully resisted the maximum military effort of Greece, they are a fortiori capable of resisting the less earnest will of Western governments and nations to impose military, financial and economic controls of the kind specified in the Treaty of Sévres, to maintain the Capitulations or the rights of bondholders, to enjoy old or acquire new commercial concessions, or to protect native minorities. . . . Turkey, within her national limits, has become more independent de facto than she has ever been since she signed the Treaty of Kuchuk Kainarjy with Russia in 1774.

The author would probably have qualified this statement, had he known that the Turkish capital was to be

reestablished in its former vulnerable position at Constantinople with Eastern Thrace as its suburb. It remains true, however, that the welding of the Anatolian people into a vigorously militant state, which was the chief durable result of the invasions of 1919-1921, has made it difficult, not only for the Greeks but for all Western nations, our own included, to deal with Turkey according to the methods prevalent prior to 1914.

The remarks on that "crux of the minority problem," the establishment of practical guarantees, deserve special notice. After touching on the possession of "hostages" by each rival state, and on the efficacy of "moral pressure," the author says truly:

The most essential guarantee, however, is the elimination of fear. No nation will treat minorities well if it believes that they menace its vital interests, and the history of the Near and Middle East during the past century has given all parties good reason to regard minorities in that light. . . . It may be stated as a general law that the protection of minorities is incompatible with instability of frontiers. . . . Statesmanship should take every measure calculated to create in the minds of the several Near and Middle Eastern nations the expectation that the frontiers now drawn will be permanent, and that the instability of the past century has come to an end.

We, who have in certain states a serious "minority problem," can fully appreciate the truth of that proposition, and it has been illustrated by the sufferings of the Greek and Armenian minorities, in "Pontus" and elsewhere, directly traceable to the Greek military operations of the past three years. While we should be as severe as the facts warrant toward fearful atrocities such as those committed seven years ago against the Armenians, let us remember

that, if our aim is not simply to condemn but to cure, we can only modify the conduct of the Turks by altering their frame of mind, and our only means of doing that is to change our own attitude towards them. So long as we mete out one measure to them, another to the Greeks, and yet a third to ourselves, we shall have no moral influence over them.

Subtle suasion of that sort cannot be exercised without strict impartiality, a quality possessed by all those of our Near Eastern educational leaders whom I have been privileged to know. It is emphasized in the dedication of this volume, which deserves quotation in full:

To the President and Faculty of the American College for Girls at Constantinople this book is dedicated by the author and his wife, in gratitude for their hospitality and in admiration of their neutral-mindedness in circumstances in which neutrality is "hard and rare."

W. H. BUCKLER.

Toward an Economics of Cooperation

Consumers' Cooperative Societies, by Charles Gide, edited by Cedric Long. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

Principles of Marketing, by Fred E. Clark. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

SOUND principles emerge from activities. Perhaps the cooperative movement has not yet produced an adequate body of tested activity upon which to found economic theory and principle. At any rate, the teachable material

in this field is still scant and uncoordinated. Teachers of economics are still awaiting the publication of a scientific text which will be bold enough to distinguish sharply between economic theory of the academic variety and the evolving economic theory of cooperative practice. In the meantime, they must content themselves with the few kernels in the husks.

Professor Gide possessed the audacity to include a brief treatment of cooperative economics in his general work on political economy almost a decade ago. His new book brings historical facts and figures up to date but it does nothing to extend the limits of knowledge. It is a compendium of requisite information concerning the growth of cooperation as a world movement. The introduction by James Peter Warbasse, with its overplus of subjective terminology, fails to acquaint the reader with the real character of the contents. The chapter on cooperation in the United States by the same author will be a startling revelation to those who have continued to believe that consumers' cooperatives had failed in this country in almost direct proportion to their success in Europe.

The crux of the cooperative economics, or any other economics for that matter, is marketing. Production and consumption are points between, but the vital, quick, dynamic process which involves habits, mores, customs, legalism, profits and ethics centres about the phenomenon which goes by the prosaic name of marketing. It is at this point, more than in the sphere of "division of profits," "capital" et cetera, that the economics of cooperation seems destined to make its most significant contribution to economic science.

Professor Clark (*Principles of Marketing*) does not say this, nor does he contribute greatly to the enlivening of the subject. He may have been inhibited by the requirements of his task, which obviously was to write a text which might be used in the increasing classes in marketing in conventional colleges and universities. He has fulfilled this objective admirably. The two specific chapters on cooperative marketing and the recurring mention of the cooperative movement are indications of the place which this branch of economics is claiming for itself in our conventional and ordinarily unresponsive educational system.

One wishes that Professor Clark had dared what he seems to threaten at several points, namely grasp the economic bogey man "supply and demand" by his two horns and shake him into his component and variable parts. But this is expecting rather too much. The superficial proposal to the effect that proper demand and supply adjustments would follow if only we could have accurate and rapid transmission of market news is, of course, too ingenuous for a scientist who makes such excellent use of psychology as is contained in Professor Clark's final chapter—which is an admirable critique of our present marketing system.

Gide and Clark have taken steps toward an economics of cooperation. There is also Leonard Woolf's superb and philosophical small volume, *Cooperation and the Future of Industry*. Hughes and Neal (*Foundations*) have made a sally at the statement of a new ethic based upon cooperative activity. In short, there is a hopeful and a growing literature on the cooperative movement. Someone with the proper balance of experience and the gift of synthesis should soon essay the task of bringing forward a real economics of cooperation.

E. C. L.

A Defence of the Virgin Queen

The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth, by Frederick Chamberlin, with illustrations and numerous facsimiles. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$5.00.

MR. CHAMBERLIN has done Biography a genuine but ungainly service in this volume. The reader finds himself at once in the atmosphere of the courtroom. Queen Elizabeth is in the dock—"by far the greatest woman in history," "with the exceptions of Alexander, Napoleon and Caesar, the greatest monarch who has ever occupied any throne." The charges are drawn up and numbered 1-26. Lingard and Froude, though at swords' points, are the prosecuting attorneys. They are supported by fifty-one historians. Mr. Chamberlin is almost the sole attorney of the defendant. His cross-examination of the witnesses is so masterly that the judge—the reader—dismisses the case and calls on the accused to make a pathetic speech upon her chastity to the courtroom, crowded with posterity. The author intimates that he may have initiated a future historical method—the gathering of all contemporaneous evidence and the presentation of it to the reader for judgment. But surely the time will have to be more fairly distributed between the attorneys.

Like most lawyers in search of evidence, Mr. Chamberlin does not conceal the arduousness of his search nor fail to leap into the air with glee, waving new and undiscovered documents. There are, indeed, some of considerable importance extracted from the ambassadorial reports in five different royal archives, and there is a weighty letter from Burghley. There is also a laborious tabulation of the "Medical Record" of Elizabeth, which establishes anaemia and hence a weak sexual inclination. Two sentences become odd in juxtaposition. "She had become a thin, sallow, anaemic woman, old before her time," and "A more typical woman than Elizabeth never lived." She loved admirers but not men. Leicester (of whom a biography is promised), Hatton and Essex were men of notable parts, progressive, daring. They have been calumniated by historians. She knew how to bind them to the throne. She was not unwilling to sacrifice her reputation for her country's sake and deliberately circulated tales of her own unchastity to ward off unwise—and distasteful—foreign marriages. She was a precocious child, a canny and subtle young woman, a prodigious genius, the founder of the British Empire. She was masterful, imperious, relentless, devoted to her country, reverent before God. The book is, however, primarily a valiant defence of her chastity and, though there is a curious blunder in the interpretation of the Hatton material, Mr. Chamberlin has made it possible to believe that Elizabeth is a virgin Queen. It is unfortunate that the word "character," even though qualified by "private," should carry so narrow a connotation.

Two extracts from the volume show the author's bias. "We have no doubt that Burghley . . . was placed exactly where he was to delay the Leicester-Drake combination until the right time came. We have so much faith in God." "It would be almost inconceivable that any prince of the House of Spain, of France, of Austria, of Sweden, of Denmark, would have sought marriage with Elizabeth if she had been a guilty woman." The words "inconceivable" and "any" are printed in capitals.

A. W. VERNON.

A Page of Fiction

Where the Blue Begins, by Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.50.

IN his tenth floor cubicle, far downtown, the genial Christopher Morley sucks a dull old pipe and sends his fanciful mind over the piled rectangles of a crowded sky-line, past low-swung streamers of gloomy smoke to the blue of distant bright seas. He dreams of dawnlight "sweeping in rosy scythe-strokes, parallel to the earth"; of "a city so tall . . . so proud, so mad, so beautiful and young that even heaven has retreated lest her placid purity be too nearly tempted by that brave tragic spell." He ponders over a "world of working husbands . . . more tender than that of shopping wives"; over a God that is "something more than a formula on Sundays and an oath during the week." And dreaming thus he sends whimsically in search of the intangible urge of life his dog, Gissing—Gissing, finding God in Man, laughing, leaping, worshipping, remembering a great phrase: "whose service is perfect freedom." But *Where the Blue Begins* is more than man's quest; Morley must tell an engaging yarn—so the tale of Gissing, his adventures and loves and seekings, his human doggishness and doggish humanity runs smoothly entertaining through its brief course. If there is a moment's disappointment at the last page, it is the shared disappointment of author and reader, the disappointment of humankind with the ever-receding rainbow's gold and the equally receding glory of vanishing horizon "where the blue begins."

K. F.

One Thing Is Certain, by Sophie Irene Kerr. New York: The George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

MARYLAND sunshine ripens the peaches succulently described by Sophie Irene Kerr in her country novel, *One Thing Is Certain*, and seeps into her mind. Pleasantly mellowed, her thoughts hang on accessible branches. Avoiding the sentimental and the improbable with a conscious valiance, she misses at once the sting of sophistication and the all-satisfying flavor of the soil that could compensate for it. The life of Louellen West, married to a brute, living all her life on a farm, but not too unhappily, has a flatness that creates a thirst for "Pernod" and the ballets of Jean Cocteau, to restore the divine strangeness of life—something, that is, just a little out of reach.

E. H.

The Hounds of Banba, by Daniel Corkery. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

THESE are Fenian stories of riot by night, of drilling in the countryside and sudden flight into the hills. Dedicated to the young men of Ireland, the tales hold throughout to a young and eager breathlessness. They are less short stories than sketches, no one of which stands out from the others: all of them tend to suggest a point without finally clinching it, but all are quick with pictures and feeling. Their tone is romantic, melting to sentimentality in stories like *Seumas* or *The Unfinished Symphony*. Failure is of the moment only; fighting and death figure as in a patriotic ballad. "To live dangerously," writes Corkery, "is perhaps to live lyrically," and indeed he has curiously taken his pitch from lyric poetry—from the poems of men like O'Reilly and Peter Kearney. There is no question as to the rightness of the cause: it is as natural as breathing for the true-hearted Gael to rebel against

Englishmen, a tradition that is always preserved in some lonely cottage of the heights and in obscure regions of Banba. Such parables are propaganda more subtle than tracts, and vastly more effective. And that, no doubt, is their intention.

R. C.

December Love, by Robert Hichens. New York: The George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

REMEMBERING the rush of tourists to Biskra after *The Garden of Allah* one speculates: will *December Love* presently induce a stampede upon the offices of gland specialists? One can only concur with Mr. Robert Hichens, who knows his West End psychology, in strongly deprecating this. At sixty Lady Adela Sellingworth, after two marriages and a mysterious trip to Switzerland, retains the attitudes and habits of a virgin. She crumbles her bread and cannot think of anything to say when seated next to a certain Craven of the Foreign Office at a house party luncheon. Again, decked three tiers deep in jewels, and crassly overrouged, she woos her illusions. For in this glittering beau monde of Mr. Hichens's they believe that love must have beauty to feed upon, and nothing is what it seems. *December Love* stands as a serious study of an empty old woman hating to grow old, not of a woman to whom passion has come late in life. Lady Sellingworth gives up her lover, not for the best good of the beloved object, but because the gesture of renunciation is becoming to the heroic image of herself which she has created to frighten away despair.

E. H.

The Blood Ship, by Norman Springer. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. \$1.90.

ONCE under sail, with the futile hawsers of its opening chapter cast off, *The Blood Ship* surges forward on seas of high romance, bearing adventure fore and aft, treasure in her lazaret and spirits aplenty in her black hold. A sadistic master paces his uncertain bridge, bucko mates fling loose their crushing fists, and a fearful, shanghai-ed crew is driven to sanguine mutiny. Virtue triumphs. "There was a wedding performed . . . upon the high seas, and a dead man sprawled on deck at the feet of the nuptial pair, and the bride was the dead man's widow!" The gourmet with a taste for vicarious thrills and hell-ship dangers of half a century ago will sate his appetite at a sitting.

K. F.

The Chain, by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.90.

THIS novel is a flimsy gilt-paper affair, strong only in its pretensions. A phrase from Henley's *Invictus* suggested the title of *The Chain*; but here, where a young editor wins to success and a wife, the "chain of circumstance" is not very strong. All the episodes are accidental—not constrained by any deep necessity—and a flat manner strips them of distinction. At the same time, they are full of a sky-blue Victorian earnestness. The hero himself is akin to the Mooncalf—a poet and sensitive fellow; but he is the Mooncalf of an earlier generation, and brims with moral platitudes. Mr. Towne rewards him by steering him through the shoals of literary New York, and leaving him at last on the verandah of a new home, meditating his life and past loves to the tune of all's right with the world.

R. C.

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YE STRANGLING PROBLEMS .

— WALT WHITMAN

The New Republic Idea

by HERBERT CROLY

THE group of men who founded the New Republic in 1914 had a definite conception in their heads of the kind of periodical which they proposed to publish. We called it a journal of opinion. Its object was less to inform or entertain its readers than to start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions. Opinions are the currency by which the citizens of a democracy exchange spiritual values. But just because they pass through many hands, serve so many doubtful purposes, and are accepted at their face value by indiscriminating tradesmen, they tend to become dull, shop-worn and even debased. We hoped to do something towards brightening the coinage of American opinion, sharpening the edges of its design and helping its purveyors to buy five dollars worth for five dollars. We wished to prick or even goad public opinion into being more vigilant and hospitable, into considering its convictions more carefully and into attaching to them a higher intrinsic value.

In so far as their journal could succeed in becoming a ferment in American opinion, the founders of the New Republic thought they would perform a patriotic service. The American commonwealth, more than any other modern state, originated in an idea. Its fundamental law was framed as the embodiment of a truth. It has always de-

pendent and still depends for its integrity on vitality of conviction among its citizens. Its government was not an undesigned historical accident which subsequently received a philosophic or religious justification. Its founders had acted in the light of a group of principles which they and their successors took to be a valid formulation of the political and social conditions of human fulfillment. Americans have never forgotten that their commonwealth was the embodiment of a truth, but they have, particularly of late years, behaved as if the way to keep patriotic truths alive was to remember them conscientiously, to repeat them sedulously and to praise them indiscriminately. This, we thought, was a dangerous mistake. If the American nation was to develop without disorder or violence from its ideal beginnings, its consciousness must keep possession of the national fund of truth, not by memorizing and repeating it, but by bringing it down to date and renewing it.

The disposition to vindicate the ideal content of Americansim chiefly by repeating trite phrases and by preserving, substantially intact, seedy traditions and institutions was coming to dominate all kinds of American opinion. It was not merely a theory of the philosophers and lawyers. It had infected the state of mind of the ordinary American. He considered himself the member of a chosen people whose perpetual success was guaranteed by Manifest Destiny. He took for granted the permanent serviceability of the traditions and the institutions under which he and his fellows had attained prosperity. He resented any disposition seriously to challenge them; and he attached to sceptics and critics the stigma of being un-American.

Thus Americanism itself finally became popularly confused with a combination of optimism, fatalism and conservatism; and the confusion necessitated the reformation of American political conviction as one condition of the continued success of our country in practising the art of

self-government. Prevailing public opinion did not understand that, owing to the practical extinction of pioneer conditions, and the increasing concentration of economic power, and the corresponding centralization of political power the American democracy had drifted into dangerous waters. It was, indeed, perverted enough actually to consecrate as peculiarly American a policy of drift. It expected by virtue of Manifest Destiny to move and to keep on moving in the direction of national fulfillment, yet without doing anything to renew the truth with which the nation had started or modify its application. If American life, in spite of the Constitution or because of it, was drifting into dangerous waters, it was extremely desirable, not only to arouse American public opinion to a knowledge of what the dangers were but to explain and popularize a different and a sounder interpretation of the truth which the American commonwealth had originally embodied.

This original fund of truth had consisted at bottom of a vision of the latent goodness and regeneracy of human nature—a goodness which would surely come to the surface if only society would permit to the ordinary man and woman a fair and full chance of self-expression. The way to give them a fair chance was to guarantee to them civil and political liberty, the opportunity of work and the right to enjoy its fruits and a sufficient measure of education. This truth is clearly an imaginative affirmation rather than a finished formula or a particular body of law. It is a constructive faith in the possibilities of human nature, a vision of individual and social development of which the traditions and the institutions of the country would be merely the temporary and occasional instruments. It would depend for its realization upon the success of the American nation, after the land was settled and the natural resources appropriated, in maintaining a wide distribution among the people of economic opportunity and responsibility and

some kind of liberating education. The truth of such an ideal obviously could not be taken for granted. It was a growing truth, confident in its affirmation but flexible in its method, which obtained immediate reality only from novel and specific applications. Its renewed vitality depended on the fresh impulse, knowledge, thought and invention which the American mind could bring to the business of using the changing materials of industry, politics and social life for the benefit of a better fulfillment of human beings.

II

TWO months before the first issue of the New Republic was published, the Great War began, and its startling intrusion transformed the nature and emphasis of the little insurrection which its editors wished to start in American public opinion. But the advent of the war only confirmed the misgivings about the Manifest Destiny of the United States which prompted its foundation. Not America only but the whole civilized world was, it was only too clear, drifting into dangerous waters. The structure of western civilization had not been subjected to such a grave peril since the religious wars, perhaps not since the barbarian invasions. The peril did not arise from accidental, easily distinguishable and obviously guilty sources, but from sources which are themselves characteristic of the society which they are undermining and in some form indispensable to it—from a science which multiplies machinery much more than it illuminates human nature, from an industry which saves so much human labor and wastes so much human life, from a technology which, while prodigiously productive, is still too sterile to cultivate craftsmanship and creative work, from a nationalism which is opposed to imperialism but which insists itself on being pettily imperialistic, from a liberty which, in spite of so many proofs of its constructive possibilities, remains consciously negative and unedifying, and from a toleration which, in so far as it has ceased to

depend on coercion to produce conviction, has ceased to believe sufficiently in its own gods. These are the new growths which modern civilization has stimulated and they threaten by their luxuriance to impoverish its roots and trunk. Mankind has enormously increased its ability to satisfy its specific wants. The completer satisfaction of specific wants has resulted in an orgy of specialization and in the capture of the human imagination by a wholly secular polytheism. The new gods are headstrong. Their impulses are at once so irresistible and so anarchic that modern society seems incapable of recovering its self-possession.

In times past when a suffering generation was tortured by conflicts between its members and its whole body, it could without violating its conviction of the truth find consolation for its wounded flesh in the vision of a Divine Order which would in the fullness of time provide compensation for the Faithful. But the modern mind cannot believe in the reality of any such alternative; and this very scepticism accounts in part for the present distraction and confusion. It implies that we can no longer honestly charge up to Fate or Providence our own blunders. For the first time in history the human spirit is the captain and the only possible captain of the ship upon which the human race has embarked. Civilization, such as it is, is contrived by man for the better fulfillment of man's own nature. It will be wrecked by his own wilfulness and ignorance or redeemed by his fidelity and prescience. If his spiritual leaders cannot make up their minds why modern society is so unmanageable, and if they cannot envisage for their fellows some body of political, economic and religious truth which will coordinate human activities without over-ruling human responsibility, then the coming century is sure to be a period of disintegration and frustration.

Yet, as it seems to us, the prospect which this more modest but less subordinate attitude towards the world

brings with it, so far from being depressing, will in the end exhilarate and fortify the human spirit. It will have renounced the doubtful pretension of exercising through the conceptions of Providence or Fate of Natural Law a vicarious overlordship of the Universe, but by virtue of this renunciation it has removed an insuperable obstacle to the exercise by itself of the captaincy of its own journey towards individual and associated fulfillment. As long as it could shift the responsibility for its infirmities, blunders and obscurantism to the shoulders of some imperative Mystery or Order in the real world, it lacked any sufficient reason to fasten its attention on the disorder in its own house. It never surrendered itself to the vocation of undertaking with its hands to make its house bright, clean and sweet. But in so far as it has sincerely renounced these consoling yet none the less disabling illusions about its subordination to an anthropomorphic and imperative universe, it has freed itself for a task which it is fitted to perform. It can begin disinterestedly and whole-heartedly to learn enough about its nature to obtain a greater mastery of its own conduct and imagination. Grim and terrible as the immediate outlook may be (and grim and terrible it surely is) there never was a time in the history of our race when human beings had better reason to walk upright and fearless and to fasten their attention with more confidence on their ability to fashion a symbolic coherent meaning for human life, analogous to the imperative meaning which they have imputed to the Universe, but more liberating and coordinating.

III

IF there is any truth in the foregoing interpretation of the existing breach in civilization, it brings us back to a still more emphatic assertion of the necessity of fermenting American public as the precise and indispensable con-

dition of keeping the Republic true to its original allegiance. The American intelligence, although it took over from its European ancestry the tradition of a Providence or Law which gave unity to the known world at the expense of the subjection of human life to a Divine imperialism, had nevertheless actually started the transition to humanism. The founders of that Republic proposed for the first time in history the development of a society which was interested chiefly in giving human beings during their life in this world a better chance of fulfillment; and that is the kind of society which the modern spirit, if it is to pull civilization through and beyond its existing predicament, must dedicate itself to discovering and arranging.

The American nation has not, it is true, kept faith with its original ideal of the United States as a Promised Land. Its prevailing public opinion, as we have already remarked, interpreted the national Promise as something which was being automatically achieved and which for that reason bestowed a Providential consecration on its existing political and social organization and on the popular patterns of conduct. But this false interpretation was the natural result of an over-dose of success, and now that the success is more precarious and the drift is in a palpably dangerous direction, American public opinion is becoming sufficiently chastened to take stock of what its spiritual possessions really are. It is not as yet repentant and enlightened, but it is apprehensive and confused. It has abandoned its former complacency. The slogan of Manifest Destiny instead of resting on a hearty affirmation by the mass of the people has degenerated into the sinister propagandum of an interested class.

In the United States, as in the rest of the world, public opinion hesitates about accepting a new conception of its responsibilities and functions. It is bracing itself to be-

come the deliberate and inveterate agent of individual and national adjustment. The Great War destroyed some things that were bad as well as many that were good. It has undermined the prestige and discredited the profession of dogmatic conservatism. No well-informed person can plausibly impute responsibility for the misfortunes and predicaments of the European and American peoples to any protesting class or group in the community. The old ruling classes are clearly responsible. They recognize their responsibility not expressly and candidly but indirectly and by implication. Their self-confidence is shaken. When the conservative Prime Minister of Great Britain describes the political and economic condition of Europe as chaotic, he is using a word which condemns dogmatic conservatism as ridiculous. Not even a divinely inspired government can bring order out of chaos by opposition to change, by the glorification or the sanctification of existing institutions. In a chaotic world the way to vindicate order is to undertake radical reform. The only possible order is a new order.

At the present moment chaos is not as triumphant in the United States as in Europe. The American Republic was born under happier conditions than the European states and at a more fortunate moment. Its political organization incarnates the comparatively humane political ideals of a unionism which is supposed to guarantee liberty and a federalism which rebels against the compulsion of centralization. For this reason it is escaping in part the consequences of the nationalist separatism which is the immediate cause of so much damage in Europe. Its comparative immunity is, however, superficial and far from secure. If European civilization is really imperilled, its peril derives, as we have already intimated, from causes more fundamental than factious nationalism. These apparently irreconcilable national dissensions are symptoms

of a moral culture which usually invokes impatient, cowardly or violent methods of dealing with conflicts. Whenever it cannot compromise or evade them, it falls back on coercion to overcome them. It knows no other ultimate way. What it means by an ultimatum is a finality with compulsion as the only alternative. It is this ultimate dependence on compulsion to overcome conflict which renders modern civilization so impotent to deal constructively with the powerful centrifugal tendencies which the polytheism of modern scientific specialism has created.

There is, I think, a clear connection in the culture of modern Christendom between the disposition to overcome conflict by coercion and the disposition to envisage the Universe as the irresistible incarnation of a knowable or unknowable Order. A universe of this kind can triumph over its insubordinate ingredients or aspects only by falling back on a sublimated ultimatum, and if spiritual leadership feels justified in subduing the fact of conflict by the symbol of a Divine imperialism, it is mentally prepared to justify the solution of specific conflicts by actual compulsion. On the other hand if we conceive the human spirit itself as the only captain which the bark of civilization will have, there can be no similar justification either for coercion or for the moral pugnacity which naturally accompanies it. The conflicts are assumed to be real, but with a kind of reality which is not equivalent to ultimacy and does not require an ultimate sanction for their solution. In so far as they are real, their reality would re-appear in some form even after a forcible attempt to suppress it. The only final solution of such conflicts is to let them fight out their differences but in the light of complete publicity and subject to the test of a sharp cross-examination of the motives and objects of the contending parties. Under such conditions an adjustment would finally appear. The very renunciation of coercion implies the consent of both

parties to accept finally the only possible substitute for coercion which is an agreement upon some common standard of positive human values. At present the chief obstacle to the solution of conflicts by specific adjustment is the disposition of the conflicting interests to insist upon the ultimate righteousness of their motives and objects; and it is this morally pugnacious disposition which has to be undermined. It is incompatible with the modesty, the flexibility and the hospitality of humanism. It forbids an honest experiment in the direction of realistic coordination of the special activities and interests of mankind.

The American nation is as much possessed by a pugnacious psychology and the disposition to overcome conflicts by coercion as are the European nations. Europe and America owe allegiance to the same cultural kingdom; and if the body of civilization is quarrelling with its members, and if the violence of the quarrel is threatening the integrity and safety of modern society, American immunity from European disaster will soon come to an end. It was this cultural blood-brotherhood which forced the American people to line up on one side in the Great War in spite of their conscious disposition to stay out. Considering the lack of any satisfactory positive moral alternative to war and the many strong strands of their cultural bond with Europe, they could not stay out without exposing themselves shivering and naked to a desolating wind of moral condemnation. The same common allegiances will force the American people, geographically isolated though they be, to share the fate of the European peoples.

But just as we Americans have some advantage over Europe in our immediate circumstances, so we have some advantage in our cultural tradition. American federalism—the original American attempt to break up the conception of a unanimous imperial sovereignty much as the Nicene Creed broke up the conception of an essentially

unanimous God—was the first faint political symptom of an emerging humanistic culture. Such a culture was implicit in the primitive American faith in the latent goodness and regeneracy of human nature. The latent regeneracy of human nature is, indeed, its central constructive affirmation. The American intelligence has done very little to give reality to this affirmation. Its attention has been concentrated on the task of settling a continent and appropriating its economic opportunities. It deserted its primitive gods or allowed them to freeze into inhuman images which demanded the traditional sacrifice of human life for the glorification and perpetuation of their own eminence. But the humanistic affirmation remains implicit in a few American institutions and traditions and the American spirit has never lost some measure of affiliation with it. Americans can look forward to the future interpretation of their national life as the expression of a humanistic ideal with more assurance and with a better chance of carrying on than their European fellow-workers. They will be weaving into the ground of the American flag an image of troubled but deserving and coming humanity which, in spite of much corruption and infidelity, remains congenial to the amiable innocence of their souls.

The program of reform by which they may hope to renew the original vision of the American commonwealth as the Promised Land for the ordinary man and woman, difficult and obscure as it may be in concrete application, is not obscure in its large masses and outlines. Its approach is economic. The operation of economic processes is steadily depriving too many Americans of the opportunity of labor upon which they could formerly count and of the enjoyment of the fruits of their own labor. Year by year the proportion of the American people who work in agriculture and industry and who do not and have no reason to consent to the existing methods of producing and dis-

tributing wealth are increasing. They feel themselves chained to an economic machine which is grinding their lives smaller, which they cannot control and which their masters either cannot or will not control. The danger is that they will finally revolt and destroy the machine without much regard to the effect of their destructive work upon their own welfare or that of society. This is a serious danger. It is rapidly becoming an imminent danger. It is the most ominous of the conflicts which are threatening the future of civilization. Yet it is a danger against which democratic political and cultural ideals should and can protect American society.

There is no way of evading or merely compromising this conflict. The ordinary American citizen who works with his hands, and many of them who are supposed to work with their brains for a living, are not getting a fair chance. The existing economic institutions of society are responsible for the default. It is extremely difficult to remedy the default, and there is every reason for attacking the problem with consideration and caution; but somehow it must be attacked. The people now responsible for the political and business management of the country are evading it. They are standing pat, or they are making a great parade and noise about insignificant and futile concessions. There is just one way to shock their complacency. The disfranchised majority must take advantage of their numbers and reach in the direction of all the economic and political power that they can. They will not use the power wisely after they seize it, but they cannot move along without it. Unless they possess it, they will never stimulate the lethargic and complacent people who operate the industrial and political mechanism to pay attention to their grievances.

But, of course, the increased power of labor unions and labor political parties is only a preliminary and (be it ad-

mitted) hazardous step. Both parties to a fundamental conflict, just in so far as they possess power, tend to be impatient, apprehensive and headstrong. Steeped as they still are in the conception of righteous compulsion, they are disposed to realize their own objects when they can by legal or illegal force, and to that end they seek to disqualify their opponents by attaching to them the stigma of being wicked, greedy or congenitally inferior and unregenerate people. If this disposition continues the result is certain to be a violent class warfare in which the victory of either side would be more or less disastrous. The result of the victory would be to suppress not to solve the conflict, and probably a long period of misery, poverty and oppression would follow. Succeeding generations would have to destroy the results of the victory before they could again tackle the job of giving to the plain man the opportunity to work, the stimulus to work well and the ability and the disposition to use his labor and its fruits for the unfolding of his own life.

Thus while the present constitution of society, with its ultimate reliance on force rather than consent, renders a dangerous conflict of this kind necessary and even desirable, it is no less necessary that American society should brace itself to avoid being impoverished by a dose of such drastic medicine. There is no reason why it should be impoverished provided it remains faithful to the essentially democratic practice of submitting all such conflicts to full and fair discussion. Discussion which is full and fair will break up the unmanageable class conflict into minor specific manageable conflicts. It will enable public opinion to discriminate between those aspects of the existing capitalist institutions which work well, and those which are not working well, and it may prepare public opinion to deal remedially because drastically with its serious defaults. Discussion of this kind does not necessarily provide a remedy. It did

not in the case of the anti-slavery conflict in this country. But it always absorbs a large part of the shock of the conflict; and in so far as it is fair and full its educational value is incalculable.

If discussion is to amount to more than a shock-absorber, it needs to be transfigured by a common conviction of the latent regeneracy and brotherhood of mankind. Only in an atmosphere provided by such a conviction will these deep class conflicts be fought out and ventilated until a constructive solution is reached. The contending parties will remain contentious in spirit, peremptory in their claims and coercive in their final methods unless they share with their opponents an affirmation of the latent possibilities of human nature and a willingness to test all programs, demands, privileges, institutions and traditions by their ability to contribute to the unfolding of these possibilities. Such an affirmation is, of course, essentially religious. It means the worship of a God symbolized not as Power, but as Understanding and Love.

Such is the idea which underlies the work of the New Republic. It is an idea whose vitality depends upon the maintenance of an extremely delicate balance between being specific and being general, between being aggressive and being conciliatory and between being practical and being visionary. The effort to embody it in the consecutive weekly issues of a journal cannot be more than occasionally successful. Even if it were not difficult to carry on a weekly like the New Republic, weekly publications with limited circulations are, of course, pitifully inadequate spokesmen of so vast and pretentious an idea. Its only sufficient spokesmen are the schools and the churches. But the schools and the churches are not aroused either to the grave existing danger to civilization or to their own opportunity and function. Some time soon they will wake up. Until that time comes very little may help. Even an insignificant weekly can do something to keep faith alive in those members of the community who believe in the power of the truth to set men free.